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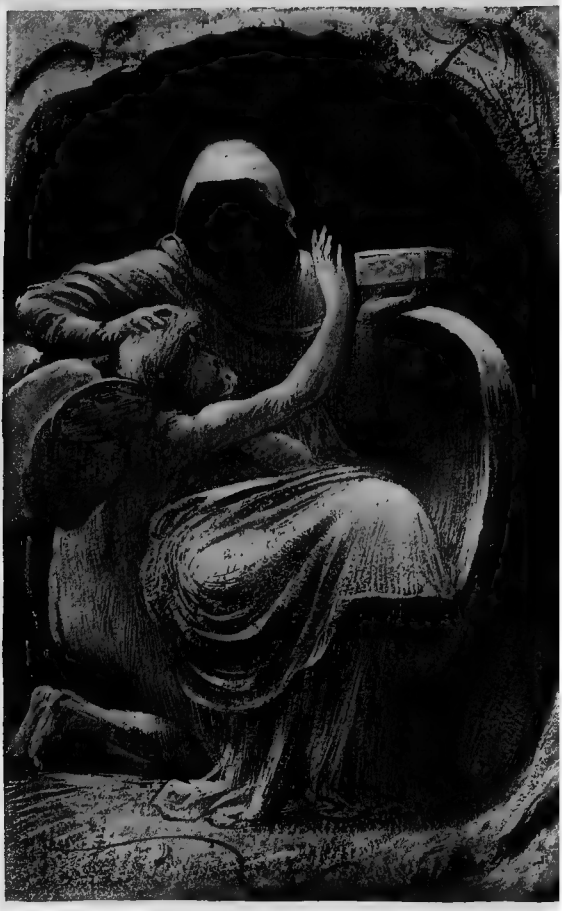
THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

BIBLIOTHÈQUE DE CARABAS.

Five hundred and fifty copies of this Edition have been printed, five hundred of which are for sale.

Cupid and Psyche.

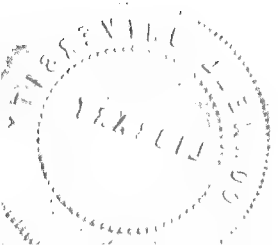


The Most Pleasant and Delectable Tale Of the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche.

Done into English by William Adlington
Of University College in Oxford
With a Discourse on the Fable
By Andrew Lang, late
Of Merton College
In Oxford.

Apuleius Madaurensis

London. M.D.CCCLXXXVII. *Published by David Nutt, in the Strand.*



The New Psyche.

"WHITHER goest thou elate
In thy rich array?"
"I will seek at heaven's gate
To the Gods to pray

"If so be their festival
I may look upon,
Where an earthly maiden shall
Of a God be won.

"Who upon the Gods might gaze
At their banqueting,
Should go joyful all his days,
For so high a thing."

"Friend, there is no banquet spread,
Fallen hath the night;
Gods and Goddesses have fled,
Ended is delight."

—MAY KENDALL.

Cupid and Psyche.

Once in a city of old
Lived a king and a queen:
These had three fair daughters,
But the fairest of all was the third,—
How, in the ages of gold,
Where summer meadows were green,
By welling of pastoral waters
Did the story begin to be heard?

Surely the world was good,
And lip and passion and speech
Still seemed to sparkle and quiver
In sunlit dew of the morn;
And the wood-nymphs danced through the wood,
And the sea-wind sang to the beach,
And the wise reeds talked in the river,
When this tale came to be born.

No! in an age like ours,
Dull, philanthropic, effete,
From the dust of a race grown stupid
And a language deep in decay,
Sudden, with scent as of flowers,
With song as of birds, the sweet
STORY OF PSYCHE AND CUPID
Strangely sprang into day.

Seventeen centuries more
Have given their sands to the sum
Of kings and queens passed over,
And cities of long ago.
And still to our ears as of yore
The musical soft words come,
Whose magic the earliest lover
Knew, and the last will know.

—J. W. MACKAIL.

The Cupid of To-day.

The good old classic mind delights
In myths of Venus and her rites,
And Psyche and her wrongs:
I've read of ruthless Gods who laugh'd
At Cupid's bow and Cupid's shaft,
In story-books and songs.

My six-years-old—a child of grace,
Is off across the beds to chase
A butterfly: Anon
The imp will catch it by its wing,
And so you see this kind of thing
Is always going on!

—F. Locker-Lampson.

The Mythologist and Psyche.

O Butterfly of Fable, flown
From what strange chrysalis unknown,
Across the empires overthrown,

Thou flittest with thy fairy wings
Above the strifes of creeds and kings,
Above the wrecks of mortal things.

Thou, in thine air of endless peace
Hast seen the nations rise and cease,
Egypt and India, Rome and Greece,

And now hast come within the scope
Of those that peep, and pry, and grope:
Thou art beneath the microscope!

Art fixed within a little room
That looks on London's glare and gloom;
Yet Science cannot smirch thy bloom.

But thou wilt spread thy wings on high,
A floating flower 'twixt earth and sky—
No man may break *this* Butterfly!

A. L.

Vipereum Malum.

The Folklorist it is one's bounden duty,
If not to cherish, to consult at least;
But, though I'm sure that Psyche was a *Beauty*,
I cannot think that Cupid was a *Beast!*

W. H. Pollock.

TO

ROBERT BRIDGES.

PREFACE.

THE version of *Cupid and Psyche* here reprinted is from a volume entitled "The XI. Bookes of the Golden Asse, conteining the Metamorphosie of Lucius Apuleius, enterlaced with sondrie pleasaunt and delectable Tales, with an excellent Narration of the Mariage of Cupido and Psiches, set out in the iiii., v., and vi. Bookes. Translated out of Latine into Englishe by William Adlington. Imprinted at London, in Fleet streate, at the sign of the Oliphante, by Henry Wykes, Anno 1566" (4to, B.L.). This is the first edition of Adlington's translation. In the Register of the Stationers' Company is recorded, "Rd. of Henry Wekes, for his lycense for pryntinge of a boke intituled the hole boke of lucious apelious of the golden asse, viijd."

The clerk of the Stationers appears to have

been a man of only average intelligence and education. Other editions were published, by How for A. Veale, London, in 1571; by V. Symmes, London, in 1596; and by Harper, for Alchorn, London, 1639. There were also editions in 1582 and 1600. The edition used in this reprint is that of 1596. The copy employed was given to me by my friend Mr. Robert Bridges, author, among other poems, of *Eros and Psyche* (G. Bell & Sons, London, 1885). It is a quaint, much-handled text, somewhat cut into by the binder's plough. The copy of 1566 in the British Museum is very clean, in old red morocco. I have heard of no other copy outside great libraries except one of 1639, for which a London bookseller demands a considerable price. Mr. Huth had no copy. As to William Adlington, who wrote the *Golden Asse* that Shakespeare must have read, if he read Apuleius in English, next to nothing is known. The pedigrees of the sixteenth century show Adlingtons in Cheshire and Lancashire. In Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica* (London, 1748) we find (p. 9), "Adlington (Gulielmus) in collegio Universitatis Oxon, bonis literis operam dedit 18 Sept. MDLVI. quæ fuit data epistolæ

dedicatoriæ. Transtulit in sermonem Anglicum *Lucii Apuleii asinum aureum*, lib. xi. Pr. ded. Comiti Sussex." "Whether he was a graduate of this university I know not," Nat Southwell tells us in his supplement to *Bib. Soc. Jesu.*

There ends our knowledge of William Adlington, slight enough certainly. In the dedication to the Earl of Sussex (first edition) he dates his letter "From Universitie Colledge in Oxforde, the seventeenth of September 1566." We thus learn that Adlington stayed up in the Long Vacation. If he worked like most English translators of his time, he probably used the French version of 1518 or of 1553. He refers to "the French and Spanish translations" in his preface, but he certainly did not translate directly from the Spanish *Historia de Lucio Apuleyo* of 1551.[1] Jean Maugin, called *Le Petit Angevin*, had rhymed the tale of *Cupid and Psyche* in 1546. The prettiest title of all that the pretty pair's adventures have worn in literature is "L'Adolescence amoureuse de Cupido avec Psyché, outre le vouloir de la déesse Vénus, sa mère, decrite en prose" (Lyon, Fr. Juste, 1536).

Cupid and Psyche have inspired countless

[1] Antwerp, En casa de Iuan Steelsio.

works of modern art, from Le Petit Angevin to Molière, and from Raphael to Mrs. Tighe, whose MS. *Psyche* I bought lately at a stall. The versions by Mr. Robert Bridges, by Mr. William Morris, and by Mr. Pater (prose, in *Marius the Epicurean*), are close and beautiful. Mr. Burne Jones has made an interesting series of drawings, not engraved, for the story.

For the design of Psyche and Proserpina I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. B. Richmond; for the etching of Venus and the Sea-gull, to Mr. Vereker Hamilton; for the sketch on the cover (Puss in Boots in a Folk-lore Library), to Mr. Jacomb Hood; while Mr. Gosse kindly lent me a copy of a drawing of Prudhon's, reproduced in the headpiece of *The Marriage of Cupid and Psyches.*

A. L.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

" *There was a king and a queen,*
As mony ane's been ;
Few have we seen,
As few may we see."

So runs the rhyme of the old Morayshire nursery tale, *Rashin Coatie ;* so it jingles from childhood in one's ear.

Erant in quadam civitate rex et regina, the old woman's tale begins in Apuleius, with the same immemorial formula. Even in the earliest words of the narrative the *märchen* declares itself, and, as the plot is developed, we, like Charles Perrault, recognise in *Cupid and Psyche* a *conte* or traditional popular tale.[1]

Nothing in it but the names of the hero and heroine and of the gods connects the legend

[1] See Meyer, *Essays und Studien*, p. 197 (Berlin, 1885), and Perrault's preface to *Griselidis* (1695).

in Apuleius with the higher mythology of the Olympian consistory. It would, therefore, be waste of time to search for a Platonic allegory in the *märchen*, or to linger over the history of Eros, of Cupid, in ritual, myth, and art. It is not as the world-making Eros, moving over chaos and fashioning the egg of the universe, that Eros figures in this story. Nor has he any necessary connection with the Eros whom the people of Thespia worshipped in the shape of an unhewn stone.[1]

In Apuleius, Cupid is but the *Invisible Bridegroom* of so many household tales, though he is clothed, for the purposes of the author, with the name and attributes of Aphrodite's winged boy. The story would run more simply if all the characters were unnamed; if Cupid's mother were only the jealous mother-in-law, not Aphrodite, more concerned about the beauty of a maiden rival than even about the marriage of her son.

The purpose of this essay, therefore, is to trace the various forms and fortunes of the

[1] See Furtwängler in Roscher's *Ausführliches Lexikon der Mythologie*, s. v. *Eros*, with the author's theory of a Thracian origin of the cult.

popular tales which, among various Aryan and non-Aryan peoples, correspond more or less closely to the fable of *Cupid and Psyche*. The general conclusions which we shall try to establish are: first, that the essential features of the tale are not peculiar to Aryan peoples only, but that they are found in stories from all quarters; secondly, we shall try to show that these essential features might occur to the human fancy anywhere—granted certain rules and forms of society. It will thus not be absolutely necessary to suppose that the tale was invented once for all, and spread from one single original centre, though this may have been the case. But if the story was thus transmitted from one people to another all over the world, we argue that there is no good evidence that India was its birthplace. This theory is opposed to the idea maintained by M. Cosquin in his learned and valuable *Contes de Lorraine*.[1] M. Cosquin's belief is that India was the birthplace of the primitive form of *Cupid and Psyche*, and that where the tale occurs elsewhere, it has been borrowed from India of the historic period. Fortunately, there is not

[1] Paris, 1886.

much need of controversial argument as to the point whence we start in the discussion. M. Cosquin agrees with us in considering *Psyche et Cupido* a mere *conte*, or *märchen*, or popular tale. Indeed, the story avows itself for *anilis fabula*, and is put by Apuleius into the mouth of one of the class which everywhere preserves such traditions—the class of grandmothers and old women. "This so-called *myth*," says M. Cosquin, "only touches the Greek and Roman mythology by virtue of the names of the persons. It is merely a *conte populaire*, brother of many *contes* that yet live in popular tradition, and the primitive shape of the story, altered in several ways in the Latin narrative, we can readily reconstruct."[1]

Things "primitive" are not so easily "reconstructed" by a generation that has wandered so far from, and forgotten so much of, the beginnings of the race as ours. We do not pretend in the following study to "reconstruct the primitive form" of the fable. No races that can properly be called "primitive" are known to science. The rudest shape of story analogous to *Cupid and Psyche* that can now be found among

[1] *Contes de Lorraine*, ii. 225.

contemporary peoples may be a great advance on some older form of the legend. It will be enough for us to try to detect the oldest *ideas* that occur in the tale, to exhibit them as they inspire the *incidents*, and to seek for the origin of the ideas in certain demonstrable conditions of human intellect, human manners, and human society. Beyond this it would be desirable, were it possible, to trace the wanderings of the legend from its original birthplace (if that could be discovered), or to show that the essential parts of the narrative might (at a certain stage of human culture) have been separately invented anywhere.

Before a writer like M. Cosquin can "easily reconstruct the primitive form" of the *conte*, and before we can attempt the humbler yet difficult task of disengaging, analysing, and tracing the fortunes of the various essential ideas of which the *conte* is the sum, it is necessary to determine what those essential ideas are. In an investigation of this sort, one writer will perhaps maintain that one incident or idea is *essential* which another student will regard as *accidental*. Again, we may see strong analogies and resemblances between stories of widely sundered

peoples where another investigator sees nothing of the kind. Thus, for instance, M. Cosquin tells us, when we adduce American parallels, as we think them, of European *märchen*, that "the so-called resemblances have no relation to that identity of form and matter noted in certain European, Asiatic, and African collections," all affected, as he thinks, by Indian influences.[1] All that we bring forward in that kind, says our critic, is "vague, without characteristic touch, or is purely imaginary." Where there are exceptions, where our American *conte*, for example, is undeniably akin to an European *conte*, M. Cosquin explains the resemblances by a theory of "comparatively recent importation," or borrowing.

As it is our intention to elucidate the story of *Cupid and Psyche* by a comparison of tales and ideas found in America and in Southern Africa, as well as in countries nearer home, and easily within the reach of Indian influences, it is necessary to make a stand here and defend the method employed.

In the savage—say American or South African—stories which we shall introduce, we do not

[1] *Contes de Lorraine*, i. xiv.

pretend always to find " cette identité de fond et de forme que l'on constate dans les collections de contes européens, asiatiques, africains," mentioned by M. Cosquin. Let us take a race living in the hunter state, without settled homes, without hereditary government, almost without property, and depending for food more on the chase than on agriculture. If that race has a native story, we can hardly expect it to tally throughout with a *conte* in the mouths of a much more civilised people. There will inevitably be vast differences of manners, even if the fundamental notions are the same. Again, it is a notorious fact that the *conte*, even in Europe and India, even among the old civilisations, is, like man, *ondoyant et divers*. *Contes* are fluctuating and unstable in *plot*, though they all contain different arrangements of the same scanty stock of incidents and ideas. Even in European *märchen* this is true. A tale will start with a certain opening, that, let us say, of the man with three daughters. Then it will glide either into one of the formulæ in which an unkind stepmother appears, or into a story of adventures to be achieved by each of the three daughters, in which only the youngest usually succeeds, or into the narrative in which

a giant or fiend claims one of the three. Any of these points having been reached, more cross-roads branch off in every direction.

The successful girl may marry a husband and suffer from his jealousy, excited usually by his mother; or she may be persecuted by a false or substituted bride who takes her place, or her sisters may be jealous of and thwart her; or, if she was seized by the giant or fiend, she may elope from him with a brother of her own or with a lover, and then we probably meet the formula of the flight, aided by magical objects which the runaway pair throw behind them. When the flight is successful, the story may end, or lady and lover may be separated because the man has allowed some one or some beast to kiss him. Then the assistance of friendly animals, or of animals whom the hero or heroine has aided, and who are grateful, may come in usefully. There are dozens, if not hundreds, of other ways in which any popular tale, starting from whatever formula you please, may journey to any end you like, always by well-known paths and through familiar adventures. Thus Madame d'Aulnoy easily combines, in *Finette Cendron*, *Hop o' my Thumb* with *Cinderella*. A

popular tale is like a knight or lady of romance. Setting out from palace or hovel, it comes to a forest and a place where three ways meet. Any one of these roads presently leads to a spot where three more paths meet, any one of which may be chosen, and so forth till the end.

Thus, when we adduce an American or African *conte* as a parallel to an European *conte*, we must not be understood to assert that the stories correspond throughout part by part. There will be what we at least consider an *essential* correspondence of ideas and incidents; but these may be combined into narratives very unlike each other. The same phenomenon occurs in European and Indian tales. We might give examples from M. Cosquin's own variants; for example (i. 73), where he compares a French and a Persian story, and admits "la ressemblance, sans doute, est éloignée." He also admits that isolated incidents recur in very various combinations (i. 170); and if he offers, as *grandes analogies*, the resemblance between *Firosette* and the end of *Cupid and Psyche*, he should not be, in the matter of analogies, very difficult to satisfy (ii. 236).

We assert, then, not our power of bringing forward American or South African tales exactly

corresponding in matter and in arrangement to European tales, but our power of adducing from American or South African *contes* examples of ideas and incidents which are strictly analogous to those that occur in European folk-lore. Even more might be asserted, but for the present it is enough to promise resemblance in the essential conceptions of those popular romances. As to the question of "recent borrowing" or "importation," the answer to that will vary according to the evidence in each case. No doubt stories may be borrowed by red men, black men, or yellow men from white soldiers, or travellers, or trappers, who may tell them round the camp-fire; but it would be less easy to show that in recent times the whole large legendary stock of the Kaffirs, for example, could have been borrowed from whites with whom they had few and generally hostile relations. Nor will it be readily demonstrated that American, or African, or insular races would adopt the nursery tale of some beach-comber or hunter into the sacred body of their tribal myths, and chant it in songs or hymns.

In such cases the borrowing, if borrowing there is, must have been achieved long ago. It

is not so easy, with labour and pains, to teach savages a few simple stories from the Bible. Why, then, should slight, and perhaps unfriendly, contact with Europeans who make no attempt to teach be sufficient to impart dozens of European tales to Zulus or Pawnees? Firm believers in the recent borrowing of *märchen* by savages from Europeans do not regard the circumstances in which these tales are discovered. For example, it may be pleaded that the Zulus recently borrowed their immense stores of *märchen* from Dutch or English colonists, and then touched them up with native local colour. But all collectors find that savages are very shy of talking about their legends. They neither divulge nor receive them readily. "It is not common to meet with a man who is well acquainted with them or who is willing to speak of them in any other way than as something which he has some dim recollection of having heard his grandmother relate."[1] *Aniles fabulæ!* This is not the attitude men would adopt towards newly learned European stories. However, the hypothesis of recent borrowing must be attested separately in each instance by such evidence as may be accessible.

[1] Callaway, *Nursery Tales of the Zulus*, p. 1.

Having thus expressed our theory as to what is common between savage and European folk-tales, namely, the essential ideas, the essential incidents (not necessarily presented in the same combinations throughout), let us ask what are the essential ideas and incidents in *Cupid and Psyche.*

Reduced to its naked elements, the story tells of a king with three daughters, of whom the youngest, Psyche, was so adored for her beauty that she excited the jealousy of Venus. The goddess, therefore, bade her mischievous son, Cupid, make the girl lose her heart to the meanest of men. An oracle now ordered the king to lead his daughter as a bride to a mountain-top, where she should espouse *vipereum malum*, some strange supernatural horror. Psyche, being left alone, is wafted into a Happy Valley, and borne to a palace where unseen ministers attend her. She is visited in the dark by her husband, who departs unseen before the dawn. He warns her not to communicate with her sisters, and especially never to listen to any curious questioning about his own bodily form. Psyche does everything she is forbidden to do. Her sisters visit her, envy her, and torment her with inquiries.

They assure her that her lord is indeed a hideous and knotted snake, as the oracle foretold. Then "Psyche misella, ut pote simplex et animi tenella." "Poor simple Psyche" listens to them, arms herself with a dagger and a lamp, and, while he sleeps, looks upon her bridegroom. A burning drop of oil awakens Cupid, and he flies away. Psyche seeks him everywhere, but is brought to the presence of angry Venus, who sets her the task of assorting all manner of mixed grains into several heaps. The ants do this task for her. A talking reed helps her in her next task, to bring the golden wool of certain fairy sheep. In her third task an eagle draws for her water from the river of Styx. In her fourth task a tower takes voice and instructs her how to fetch in safety from Hades the pyx of Proserpine. Her perils and temptations in Hell are described by way of warning; but she yields to her curiosity, opens the pyx, falls senseless, is restored by Cupid, is endowed with immortality, and received among the gods.

These incidents may now be arranged formally:

1. Incident of the youngest daughter whose beauty awakens jealousy.

2. Marriage to a husband who must not be looked upon.

3. Jealousy of elder sisters.

4. The husband disappears when his prohibition is neglected.

5. Search for the husband.

6. Jealousy of husband's mother, who sets heroine dangerous tasks, on pain of death if they are not accomplished.

TASKS :—

a. To sort out grains of every species from a heap.

This is done by aid of ants.

b. To fetch a golden fleece.

Done by aid of a reed.

c. To fetch water of Styx.

Done by aid of an eagle.

d. To visit Hell and bring a pyx, not to be opened.

Done by aid of a talking tower.

This adventure includes: (*a*) *Refusal* to do in Hades things usually meritorious in folk-tales, namely, to assist men and animals in distress; (*b*) In Hades Psyche is not to accept dinner,

but to ask for a crust; nor is she to sit down on a soft seat,—*molliter assidere.*

7. Reconciliation with Cupid through his pity of heroine when punished for curiosity in opening pyx.

In the fable these are the main incidents, and these, again, might be reduced in number to the following:—

1. Sisters jealous of the youngest child.
2. Marriage to a husband who is not to be seen, and his flight when looked upon.
3. Jealousy of mother-in-law and her imposition of dangerous tasks.
4. Accomplishment of tasks by supernatural aid.
5. Visit to Hell.
6. Punishment of curiosity.
7. Happy conclusion.

If we consider these incidents attentively, we shall find in them the expression of the following ideas:—

a. Elder sisters are apt to be jealous of a fortunate junior.

b. In certain cases wives are not to look on husbands, who are usually of some spiritual race.

c. Mothers-in-law are jealous of the beloved of their son.

d. Enmity expresses itself in putting the hated person to do desperate or impossible feats; failure is to be punished by death.

e. Animals can assist their favourites.

f. Hell may be visited by the living under certain restrictions, such as not to eat the food of the dead.

g. Curiosity (as in the forbidden room in the *Barbe Bleue* set of stories) is severely punished.

Of these ideas, some are merely moral observations of the facts of life, and might be made as well in modern London as in a Greek city or a Zulu kraal. The moral ideas are (*a*, *c*, *g*) the jealousy of elder sisters, the jealousy of mothers-in-law, the folly of curiosity in forbidden things. Clearly these notions might be illustrated by a tale in any part of the world, but the jealousy of elder sisters is likely to be strongest in countries where the youngest child is the more favoured and the heir.[1]

[1] This is the custom called *Borough English*, *Jüngsten Recht*, *Juveignerie* or *Maineté*. Cf. Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 431; P. Viollet, *Précis de l'Histoire du Droit Français*, p. 725; Elton, *Origins of English History*, pp. 185–198; Callaway, *Nursery Tales of Zulus*, p. 65.

It may be conjectured that the natural jealousy of a mother-in-law does not more easily become affection in countries where mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are forbidden to speak to each other. As to the wickedness of curiosity in opening a forbidden room, tasting a forbidden fruit, opening a forbidden box, bathing in forbidden water, the myths of the origin of death, Hebrew, Greek, Red Indian, Ningpho, and Murri, all attest the universality of this idea. In all these cases, death is introduced to the world because a prohibition of an act, in itself harmless, was disregarded through curiosity.[1] Even so Psyche was dying, as the penalty of opening the pyx of Proserpine, when Cupid, *deus ex machina*, came to her rescue.

Three, then, of the ideas which suggest three main incidents in *Cupid and Psyche* are moral, and of the sort known in archæology as "universally human." They might anywhere be illustrated in a romance. A fourth idea is obviously drawn from ordinary human passions, as they would find vent in a certain state of society. (*d*). "Enmity declares itself by putting the hated person to do desperate feats." Now, in

[1] Lang, *La Mythologie*, p. 200.

civilised life, we seldom have the chance of setting our critics or other detestable persons on risking their lives by perilous adventure. Only kings and colonels in the army have opportunities of this sort, as in the case of Uriah the Hittite. But in early times of absolute authority the notion is familiar. Jobates, in the *Iliad*, does not slay Bellerophon, but sends him to fight the Amazons and kill the Chimæra.[1] The notion supplies most of the incidents in M. Cosquin's Lorraine tale *Le Roi d'Angleterre* (i. 32), where the jealousy of the hunchback urges the King of England to make the hero risk his life in impossible adventures. The idea occurs in Zululand. M. Cosquin will perhaps not maintain that the Zulu tales were borrowed from India in the historic period. In any case,[2] we have the old woman sending her detested son-in-law to bring, not a golden fleece, not the head of a Chimæra, but "the liver of an Ingogo," a fabulous Zulu monster.[3]

[1] *Iliad*, vi. 179.

[2] Callaway, p. 170.

[3] Compare, in *Hibernian Tales*, "The Black Thief;" in *Tales from the West Highlands* (Campbell) the story of MacIain Direach, ii. 328.

The various adventures which Jason has to achieve at the bidding of Æetes are another case in point. So are the perilous feats of Siati[1] in one of the traditional Songs of the People of Samoa. It is needless to multiply examples from European *märchen*. Probably it will not be denied that the idea of thus getting rid of a foe, either by his death in a wild adventure or by slaying him for failure, might anywhere naturally occur to the mind of men in an age of absolute authority. As to the character of the perilous feats, they differ in different cases, but usually include some supernatural adventures. Among these is the desperate (*f*) *Journey to Hell*. Here the incident could not exist but for the belief that Hell may be visited by living persons, who may return safely if they do not taste the food of the dead. These ideas are constantly found among the Finns, the Ojibbeways, the races of the Solomon Islands, and in Scotland, where the caution of Thomas the Rhymer will be remembered. In Samoa, too, in the hostile god's house, Siati is counselled to "eat nothing he hands you, and never to sit on a high seat," as Psyche in Hades has to

[1] Turner's *Samoa*, p. 102.

refuse food or *molliter assidere.*[1] Even Persephone cannot wholly escape from Hades because there she tasted the seed of a pomegranate. The idea, then, that the living may go to Hell and return safely so long as they refuse to taste dead men's meat is found in ancient Greek heroic myth in the Hymn of Demeter; is found by Kohl among Ojibbeways, and by Codrington in Melanesia, and in Finland declares itself in the *Kalewala*, where Wainamoinen visits the dead in Pohjola. The converse story of the natives in New Zealand declares that the dead are afraid of the cooked food of the living. Nor is this all. In New Zealand, too, if a comer to the world of shades eats their food, he can never return to life.[2] In New Zealand Te Atarahi visited the dead, and returned because, when he reached Reigha, his kinsfolk there bade him not to touch the food, and sent him back to the land of light.

We have now examined five of the seven essential ideas in the *märchen* of *Cupid and*

[1] See note to *La Chatte Blanche*, Cosquin, ii. 10.

[2] Shortland's *Maori Religion and Mythology*, p. 45; *Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*, p. 150 *et seq.*

Psyche. We have seen that three of them (the jealousy of sisters, the jealousy of mothers-in-law, and the crime of curiosity) are ordinary human notions, which may occur anywhere, and anywhere may offer *motifs* for fiction. The fourth idea (that of getting rid of a foe by putting him on perilous tasks) is equally natural in a state of society where opportunity serves. As a *motif* of fiction, it is older than Homer in Greece; it is found in Zululand, in a Samoan song, in the West Highlands, and elsewhere. The fifth essential idea (that Hell may be visited by those who refuse to taste the dead men's meat) is found in the Homeric hymn, and in the Eleusinian ritual and the Finnish epic, as well as among Ojibbeways and Maoris, and Scotch and Melanesians. Thus there remain only two of the seven essential ideas and incidents of *Cupid and Psyche*, which we have not shown to be natural either to all men, or to all men under absolute government, or to most men with pre-christian ideas of the state of the dead.

Of the two remaining ideas, neither is natural to civilised men in modern society, but both are familiar to many widely-scattered peoples in various degrees of culture. The first is (*e*)

animals—that is, beasts, birds, and fishes—can powerfully or magically assist their friends.

Evidence on this head is too copious to be offered at full length. The whole of the totemistic peoples in America, Africa, India, Australia regard their protecting and guardian beasts as serviceable friends. All the members of North American tribes possess, in addition to the totems of their stock, their private Manitous, who appear to them in visions during the fast at the time of puberty. "The early missionaries found great difficulty in getting the natives to give up these guardian spirits, which they thought visited them, and gave them valuable information."[1] The Lapps and Finns have their friendly beasts and birds, which assist them in difficulty, and which they call *Saivos*.[2] There is nothing unnatural in these notions, or when, for example, the Australian consults the native bear in any difficulty, as the Lapps, according to a voyager of the seventeenth century, always solemnly consulted their black cats! The whole of savage thought is profoundly penetrated, as Mr. Tylor

[1] Dorman, *Origin of Primitive Superstitions*, quoting Jones's *Ojibbeways*, p. 270.

[2] Castren, *Vorles. über die Fin. Myth.*, p. 139.

says, by belief in the "personal intercourse between men and animals." Men are fabled to be descended from animals; they put themselves under the protection of animals; their souls reappear in the shapes of animals. That animals should assist men in distress, as the wild duck helped the Ojibbeway, as the fly helped the Zulu, is, therefore, to men in a barbarous state of culture, the most natural thing in the world.[1] In the introduction to Mrs. Hunt's translation of Grimm's *Household Tales* we have offered a small collection of examples of the savage belief in kinship and friendship with the beasts, and of friendly and helpful beasts in savage stories. A kangaroo helps a human member of the Kangaroo stock in Australia.[2] Sir George Grey found that the beast after which each stock is named is the "friend" or "protector" of his kindred. An American example is offered by Long.[3] The wizards among the Eskimo send animals to do their bidding.[4] In an Eskimo *märchen* a friendly wolf helps the hero. Mice and frogs do the

[1] Callaway, p. 299.
[2] Fison, *Journal Anthrop. Inst.*, November 1883.
[3] *Voyages*, p. 86.
[4] Rink, *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, p. 53.

same in Kaffir and Zulu stories.[1] Beavers and sturgeons aid the heroine among the Samoyeds,[2] as ants aided Psyche.

It seems plain that these incidents in romance, born of the universal superstition about personal intercourse between man and the lower animals, might be found wherever such ideas prevail or have prevailed, and need not have been borrowed from India.

There remains only one essential incident to be criticised, namely, (*b*), the prohibition imposed by the husband on his bride. She is not to inquire about his form nor to look on his face.

Manifestly it is on this incident that the whole story hinges, for if Psyche had been permitted to behold Cupid, she, like the knife-grinder, would have had no story to tell. Now, while most of the other ideas in the tale are comparatively natural, and (given the early belief in the human qualities and magical powers of the lower animals) are sufficiently intelligible, a rule which prohibits the bride and bridegroom to behold each other face to face appears quite arbitrary

[1] Theal, p. 47; Callaway, p. 93.

[2] Castren, *Sam. März.*, story ii.

and absurd.[1] It is necessary, therefore, to ask, Do we know any country or people among whom, in any age, a prohibition or taboo of this kind has actually existed? It is certain that stories, like all other exercises of the human mind, must reflect the ideas and manners of the people who have developed them. If a nuptial taboo has anywhere placed absurd bars on the daily life of bridegroom and bride, that taboo will be reflected in story, just as chaperons have a place in modern novels of manners. Again, if absurd laws of married life appear constantly in stories, a presumption rises that they once existed in real fact.

All this branch of the subject has been examined in our *Custom and Myth*.[2] As the statements made there have not been disputed, to our knowledge, it will suffice to recapitulate them briefly.

Among peoples known to us from history, from actual contact, and from the evidence of native popular poetry, the following taboos or

[1] In Apuleius the prohibition seems to be understood as a device of Cupid's for making love anonymously, and without offending Venus.

[2] London, 1884, pp. 64–86.

customary superstitious restrictions on freedom of married intercourse have been noted:—

1. Vedic India.

"Let me never see you without your royal garments, for *this is the custom of women.*"

The authority is the *Brahmana* of the *Yajur Veda*, translated by Mr. Max Müller.[1] In this example the speaker is a member of a spiritual race, Urvasi, an Apsaras, or "kind of fairy" woman. The *custom*, however, is asserted as binding on women in general.

2. Africa.

"Wives never permit their husbands to see them unveiled for three years after marriage." This evidence is from Job Ben Solomon, a native of Bunda in Futa.[2]

3. South Africa.

"As a rule, the bridegroom never sees his bride."[3]

[1] *Selected Essays*, i. 408. "Denn das ist der Brauch bei uns Götterfrauen."—*Meyer, Essays und Studien*, p. 206.

[2] Astley, *Voyages*, ii. 24.

[3] *South African Folk-lore Journal*, 1879, p. 46.

4. Timbuctoo.

"The betrothed is not allowed to see his intended during the day. . . . If he is obliged to come out of his hut, he covers his face. . . . He remains with his wife only till daybreak."

5. The Yorubas.

"Conventional modesty forbids a woman . . . even to see her husband, if it can be avoided."[1]

These are somewhat extreme examples of a taboo which, in America, took a milder form. Lafitau says of the Iroquois: "They dare not go to the cabins of their wives except in the darkness of night."[2] This rule of manners, again, is found among the ancient Spartans.[3]

6. Andaman Islands.

Among the Andamanese Mr. Man finds similar reserve.

In Australia the god Pundjel has a wife whom he may not see!

[1] Bowen, *Central Africa*, p. 303.

[2] *Mœurs des Sauvages*, i. 576.

[3] Plutarch, *Lycurgus*, p. 15; Xenophon, *De Rep. Lac.*, i. 5.

The presumption raised by all these examples, drawn from scattered races, is that restrictions on the conduct of married people, restrictions unknown to civilised modern Europe, have been common enough even in India and in Greece. The appearance of such a restriction in stories, when the marriage is between a mortal and a being of a spiritual race, may therefore not impossibly reflect an actual trait of manners.[1]

The taboo or mystic restriction which forbids husbands and wives to look on each other in certain circumstances is not the only rule of this kind. We find that the pair are *forbidden to speak to each other* for a certain time, or that the woman *may not call her husband by his name.*

7. Miletus.

Herodotus tells us that in Miletus the women had made and handed down to their daughters the rule that none should ever sit at meat with her husband or *call her husband by his name.* Herodotus explains this Milesian custom (which clearly was not common among Greeks) by the story that the Ionians defeated the Carians and

[1] A competent study of the use of the Veil in marriage ceremonies might throw light on all this subject.

wedded the Carian women, who avenged themselves by hereditary sulks. Now it is not beyond possibility that the origin of this custom may be derived from the hostility between the clans of husbands and wives in days when marriage was usually made by capture. We find the rule in Zululand, where not only the name of the husband, but all words with a similar sound, are *hlonipa'ed* or tabooed to the wife. A Kaffir bride is not called by her own name in her husband's village. Probably the world-wide dread of using personal names, which it were superfluous to illustrate by examples, is at the bottom of these prohibitions. Some other cause led the Bulgarian newly-wedded to abstain, sometimes for nine months, from talking to each other. This rule, at least, may be inferred from the passage of the popular song in which the mother of the girl, wooed by the sun, says, "Speak not for nine months to thy father-in-law, mother-in-law, or husband." Here is found a curious detail of language, in which Bulgarians and Zulus approach as closely as if one had directly borrowed from the other. The Zulu word for the prohibition of the use of the husband's name is *hlonipa* = "to be bashful, to

keep at a distance through timidity, to shun approach, to avoid mentioning one's name, to be respectful."[1] The Bulgarian word for the taboo on conversation between bride and bridegroom is *gorejà* = to be bashful, to show respect.[2] Thus *hlonipa* might be rendered *gorejà* in Bulgarian, and *gorejà*, *hlonipa* in Kaffir. M. Dozon remarks that silence between bridegroom and bride for a month after marriage is still a widespread custom.[3] The rule as to silence for nine months, if ever it existed, would remind the reader of a common formula in *märchen*. "The spell which binds the enchanted or supernatural husband usually snaps when his long-persecuted wife gives birth to a child."[4] Thus, in the Breton tale we are told that in the kingdom of Naz a man may not see his wife till she has borne him a child.[5] Sir John Lubbock reports a similar custom as actually existing among the Circassians.[6]

[1] Max Müller, *Science of Language*, ii. 39, note 45, quoting Döhne. [2] Dozon, *loc. cit.*

[3] Dozon, *Chansons Pop. Bulg.*, 1875, p. 172.

[4] Ralston, "Beauty and the Beast," *Nineteenth Century*, December 1879.

[5] Sébillot, *Contes de la Haute Bretagne*, p. 183.

[6] *Origin of Civilisation*, p. 75.

Here, then, are examples of odd prohibitions which are, or have been, in force among various peoples. We shall now examine these and similar taboos as they occur in popular tales or *märchen*.

The ancient Indian story which turns on a prohibition to *see* the husband naked has already been noticed. It is the tale of Urvasi and Pururavas in the *Brahmana*. Here the wife is of a spiritual race, and it is plain enough that her legend included the incident of the winged maiden captured by a mortal.[1] In a story of modern India the girl is forbidden to *see* her husband, and also forbidden to ask him what his name is.[2] In a Sicilian story the taboo is laid on asking the husband's name.[3] In Denmark, a wolf-husband forbids his wife to see him; she is never to strike a light in the dark when he is by her.[4] The spiritual wife in the famous tale of Mélusine may be seen by her husband, but, like the husband of Urvasi, may not be seen without her raiment. In the Welsh tales two prohibitions must be respected by

[1] *Rig-Veda*, x. 95. 8, 9.
[2] *Asiatic Journal*, N. S., vol. ii.
[3] Pitré, *Nuovo Saggio*, v.
[4] Grundtvig, i. 252.

mortal lovers of fairy brides: they may not utter the names of their wives, nor touch them with iron.[1] The taboo on the name is familiar in custom. It is known in countries as widely severed as Polynesia, China, and Zululand.[2]

Without multiplying examples, it may now be taken as proved that certain very strange laws of married life have actually prevailed among widely scattered peoples, savage and civilised. Moreover, the same rules are declared, in the popular tales of many people, to be binding between wife and husband, especially when one of the pair is of a fairy or supernatural race. The presumption is that the rule or taboo was introduced into romance by persons who were familiar with it, or something analogous to it, in actual practice. Men and women who had traditional scruples against naming each other, or against the modern familiarity of wedded life, introduced these scruples with supernatural sanctions into fiction. If this be admitted, then every essential idea and incident in the story of *Cupid and*

[1] *Cymmrodor*, iv. 2.

[2] Max Müller, *Science of Language*, ii. 26; *Chips*, ii. 216; "Euphemism and Tabu in China," *Folk-Lore Record*, January 1887.

Psyche, however strange and fantastic it may appear to us, must once have seemed natural to all the various peoples who had odd laws of nuptial manners, and believed in magically helpful animals, in the pre-Christian Hades, and in the existence of a fairy or spiritual race capable of inter-marriage with human beings. Not one of all these notions is peculiar to any single people. In different proportions they are found actively existing in the religion, magic, and social manners of Finns, Greeks, Chinese, Hindus, Eskimo, Australians, Bulgarians, Iroquois, Yorubas, and Andamanese. It will be hard, therefore, to show that incidents based on these ideas are the peculiar property of any one historic people, have been developed in one historic centre, and thence have been borrowed in historic times by all the races familiar with them.

Yet M. Cosquin believes that India of the historic age is the centre and fountain-head of the *märchen*, which are full of these ideas. Let us see what arguments he employs to prove his case in the example of *Cupid and Psyche*. They chiefly rest on the "Indian character" of the separable husk or skin, worn by the mysterious husband, and on the "Indian feature" of the

grateful beasts. The two Lorraine *contes* of his valuable collection to which M. Cosquin compares *Cupid and Psyche* are *Le Loup Blanc* (LXIII.) and *Firosette* (LXV.). The former is a story of the type of *Beauty and the Beast.* A man with three daughters goes on a voyage, and is asked by the youngest to bring her home *the talking rose.* This he gathers in the garden of the white wolf, who commands him to return with the first person he meets at home. This person is the youngest daughter. When she is brought to the wolf, he imposes on them silence as to his enchanted castle. At supper he appears as a *beau seigneur*, and becomes the girl's lover. All day he is a white wolf again. The father goes home and tells his daughters where he has left their sister. One of them visits the home of the white wolf, who dies at his mistress's feet as soon as his secret is revealed.

Here the existence of a secret enchanted castle, of a mysterious husband, and of a sister whose indiscretion ruins everything, is all that reminds us of *Cupid and Psyche.* The promise of the traveller to bring the first person he meets is a distortion of the "Jephtha formula," which itself is a moral warning against rash vows, combined

with a reminiscence of human sacrifice. Starting from this tale, M. Cosquin adduces a Basque story,[1] in which the owner of the enchanted castle is a huge serpent, who offers marriage. At the altar he becomes *un beau prince*, and gives his wife the *serpent-skin* he used to wear, with orders to burn it. The charm is thus broken, and he retains his human form. Again, in the modern Indian tale of *Tulisa*, the mysterious husband whose name is hidden becomes a serpent when it is revealed. The heroine, in her search for him, is aided by squirrels whom she has helped in a difficulty of their own.

From these stories M. Cosquin derives some of his arguments in favour of the Indian origin for *Cupid and Psyche*. Though Cupid is not a serpent, there is a trace of this notion in the words which describe the mysterious lover as *vipereum malum*. It is extremely probable that this was the original form of the *märchen;* it is not so probable that the form is purely Indian. True, the Basque idea of the envelope or "husk," the *serpent-skin* which the lover can put on and off, is found in India in the *Pantschatantra*,[2] as it is

[1] Webster, p. 167.
[2] Benfey, ii. p. 144.

in Zululand. A Brahman's wife, childless, at last bears a serpent. He marries, throws off his serpent-skin at night, and when it is burned by his wife the charm breaks, as in the Basque. A living Indian *märchen*[1] has the same formula, with a monkey and a monkey-skin in place of a serpent-skin and a serpent. In a third Indian example we find a *Gandharva* who wears an ass's skin (*peau d'âne*), but leaves his earthly bride for ever when the skin is burned by his wife's mother. In Servian[2] folk-lore the story of the serpent and serpent-skin recurs. A goat-husband and goat-skin appear in Russia.[3] A pumpkin-husband appears in Wallachia. There is an iron-stove-husband in German.[4] The Hurons would have seen no harm in an iron-stove-husband; they habitually married their girls, with a formal ceremony, *to their fishing-nets!* Once the Net complained that he had lost his wife, and that a new maiden must be found for him.[5]

It may be asked, how do all those stories of

[1] Miss Maive Stokes, No. 10.

[2] Vouk, No. 10.

[3] Ralston, "Beauty and the Beast," *Nineteenth Century*, December 18, 1878, p. 998.

[4] Grimm, No. 127.

[5] Lallemant, *Relation de la Nouvelle France*, 1639.

mysterious husbands enveloped in the skins of serpents, goats, donkeys, pumpkins, and monkeys help M. Cosquin's argument? How do they prove an Indian origin? It is not easy to answer the question. He himself merely remarks (ii. 229): "Here, we think, is a restoration of the primitive form of *Psyche* in an important point. The monster to whom the king has to give his daughter is a serpent, but a serpent that, beneath his scaly skin, hides a beautiful young man, *and this primitive form is peculiarly Indian*" (et cette forme primitive est tout indienne"). He also refers to Benfey (*Pantschatantra*, i. 254).[1] But where is the

[1] The whole topic of the appearance of human beings in bestial form is curiously treated by M. Cosquin. He says: "This belief in metempsychosis is peculiarly Indian. It is not one of the ideas that can have been common to the Aryan tribes before their separation. M. Benfey has remarked that, outside of India, it is not found in any Indo-European people, except perhaps late among the Celts." Benfey suggests that the notion may have been borrowed from Egypt; M. Cosquin thinks the Aryans may have borrowed it from the aborigines of India (*Contes de Lorraine*, l. xxxii. xxxiv.). Can these learned authors be unaware that metempsychosis is practically an *universal* element in the belief of all the lower races? "The lower psychology, drawing no definite line of demarcation between the souls of men and of beasts,

proof that the notion of a man in bestial form, serpentine or asinine, goat or monkey, who can slip off the form with the skin or hide of the beast is peculiar to India?

These ideas are no more peculiar to India than to America or Africa. Notions like this are found in abundance in all backward countries. The idea that a man or woman may marry a beast is common to the *contes* of every people. The idea that a man or woman may slip on and off the characteristics and powers of a bird or beast, as the skin of the beast is doffed or donned, occurs all over the world in myths, and analogous conceptions are practically preserved in ritual and in magic.

We shall illustrate these statements by examples. There are here two peculiarities of *märchen* to be examined: (1.) that men and women may intermarry with animals; (2.) that human beings may assume and lay aside the characteristics and the powers of beasts and birds as they assume and lay aside the skins of those creatures.

can at least admit without difficulty the transmission of human souls into the bodies of the lower animals" (Tylor, *Prim. Cult.*, ii. 6). Ahts, Aztecs, Eskimo, Bechuanas, Abipones, Zulus, Dyaks, did not borrow the idea from Buddhists, Khonds, or Egyptians! But *cf. Pantsch.* i. 265.

(1.) The first idea is merely one of many examples of early belief in perfect community of nature with the lower animals, and even with inorganic nature. This belief is practically universal among the backward races. It cannot be more forcibly stated than in the Australian expression that a man and his totem (*kobong*, *wingong*), and all the other birds, elements, and natural objects in his division of the great clan of the world, are *tumanang* ("of one flesh"). "They two shall be one flesh," says Holy Writ, speaking of man and wife. Now in Australia a man may be "of one flesh" with crows, crayfish, wallabies, trees, and what not.[1] It is needless to accumulate here the proofs of the same belief in kinship from North and South America, Africa, and India, wherever full-blown totemism is found. Necessarily it follows that man and beast, being of one flesh, can intermarry, and this belief would survive in myth after it had ceased to exist in any other shape.[2] Other examples of this notion of animal kindred are found in the

[1] *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, Fison and Howitt, pp. 168, 169.

[2] Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, has some curious (and disgusting) lore on this topic, p. 395.

Malagasy, Aino, and Syrian custom of establishing blood-brotherhood with beasts, or of appointing a woman to be "the mother" of the bear whom the Ainos sacrifice, or of the locusts whom the Syrians destroyed.[1]

The mythical expressions of this belief, or rather a few instances of them, are collected in our introduction to Mrs. Hunt's *Grimm* (pp. 65, 66). In most North American myths the tale of the origin of the tribe starts with a marriage between a man and a woman or a dog, or coyote, or musk-rat. In New Zealand, "whilst Tawaki was of human form his brethren were sharks; there were mixed marriages among them."[2] The custom of marrying girls formally to inanimate objects appears to survive in India, judging from questions in an ethnological circular issued in 1886 by Mr. Risley from Darjeeling. In the *märchen* of savages, girls marry frogs and pigeons in Zululand, elephants among the Hottentots, eagles and whales among the Eskimo, and an Ojibbeway weds a female beaver.[3] We are all

[1] Lagarde, *Reliquiæ Juris Ecclesiastici Antiquissimæ*. Miss Bird's *Journal*, pp. 96, 97. Professor Robertson Smith supplied the information from Lagarde.

[2] Taylor, *New Zealand*, p. 134.

[3] Grimm, *ut supra*, p. 65, with authorities.

familiar with Greek myths in which women have intrigues with bulls, serpents, ants, dogs, swans, horses, and so forth, though in Greece these beasts are explained as disguises of Zeus, Apollo, or Poseidon. From all these facts it is difficult to derive M. Cosquin's conclusion that there is anything peculiarly Indian in these absurd ideas. Any other universal form of early human ignorance and superstitious fancy might as well be claimed as a peculiarly Indian invention.

(2.) But it may be urged, perhaps, that what is peculiarly Indian in the *märchen* is not the idea of marrying a girl to one of the lower animals, but the idea that a man may be miraculously concealed under the bestial hide, and may be able to shift his nature as he shifts his skin. This position must be examined.

If we can demonstrate the existence of a widely diffused belief that bestial attributes and accomplishments may be assumed by donning the skin of the beast, if we can show that some such notion declares itself in ritual and magical practice, and reveals itself in myth all over the world, then the contention that the notion is peculiarly Indian will appear highly improbable.

Students of ritual are familiar with a ceremony analogous to this belief in skin-shifting. Among many widely scattered peoples the skin of a slain or sacrificed animal is assumed by the slayer or the celebrant, not as a garment merely, but with a ritual and mystical significance. A familiar example is the rite called νεβρίζειν, in the Dionysiac service. The victim is the νέβρος or fawn, and the fawn or other victim is also mystically the god.[1] In the *Dea Syria*, Lucian speaks of the celebrant dragging the skin of the slain ram over his own head and shoulders. Compare the passage in *Aglaophamus*, pp. 183–186, the goat-skin of Juno, the *Albogalereum pileum*, or cap of Diales Flamines, made out of the skin of the white victims of Zeus. Among the Huarochiris, a civilised pre-Inca people of the West Pacific coast, the slayer of a lion was privileged to wear the lion's skin in sacred festivals. The creator-hero of the race was once courteously addressed by a lion, and gave the beast various privileges: "Those who kill you shall wear your head over their own, and your

[1] "Dionysos selber Stier, Zicklein ist," Roscher, *Ausführ. Lexik.*, p. 1059. See also Pollux, ap. Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, p. 653, ἡ σατυρικὴ ἐσθὴς νεβρὶς, αἰγῆ, καὶ τραγῆ.

skin shall cover them. . . . He who would do this must first sacrifice a llama."[1] A Babylonian cylinder (Menant., *Recherches*, ii. 49) shows the celebrant covered with a fish-skin or with a great mask representing a fish. Similar masks, made of tortoise-shell, are worn in the religious dances of the natives of the Torres Straits, and may be seen in the British Museum. In Mexico, the Aztec celebrants danced in the flayed skins of the *human* victims.[2] This was a frequent rite; the meaning was that the human victim represented the god or goddess, and the celebrants (as in the ceremonies where the god is eaten)[3] brought themselves closer to the divine nature by wearing the skin of the victim-deity.[4] Some Californian tribes of to-day have a similar sacrament in honour of a bird, a kind of vulture or buzzard. The Acagchemem maintain that the same bird is sacrificed every year and in each village. His skin is worn by the celebrant.[5]

[1] Francisco de Avila, 1608, in *Rites of the Yncas* (Hakluyt Society), p. 128.

[2] See for example, Sahagun, ii. 2, ii. 30.

[3] Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 436.

[4] Robertson Smith, *Encyc. Brit.*, s. v. "Sacrifice." "The religious meaning of putting on the skin of an animal is identification with the animal."

[5] Boscuna, *Account of Indians of California*, chap. ix.

In these and similar rites the object of wearing the skin of the victim is apparently either to propitiate him into the belief that he is not dead after all, or to enter into and participate in his mystic nature. This was clearly the object of the Hirpi, whose name means the Wolves, and who, in compliance, as they said, with an oracle bidding them "imitate wolves," had a yearly wolf-dance.[1] The Nootkas of the North-West American coast also have their wolf-dance, a religious ceremony in which they "wear wolf-skins with masks over their faces, representing the head of that animal."[2] The same Nootkas dress the *dead* bear in the garb of a human chief. The Arcadian priest of Demeter, in her solemn service, wore a mask representing the goddess; the priest *was* the goddess for the moment.[3]

From these and other instances it is plain enough that the wearing of the skin of a slain animal is believed to have ritual efficacy of one sort or another. Doubtless, many shades of opinion prevail on the subject among the people

[1] Servius, *Æneid*, xi. 785.
[2] Jewett's *Adventures*, p. 136.
[3] Pausanias, viii. 15. 1.

who, in various countries, practise these ceremonies.

Turning from ritual (which merely demonstrates the existence of the custom, and of *some* mystical or magical significance attached to the custom), we may examine cases of skin-wearing and skin-shifting in myth. Is it a common mythical idea that a man may put on and put off, like the mysterious husband of *märchen*, the character of a beast or bird with the skin of the same animal? Certainly this idea is common, usual, and widely diffused. It declares itself in the Latin *versipellis*, "skin-shifter." French actors speak of entering *dans la peau* of this or that character. Even so the *versipellis* with the skin assumes the character of the beast. The newest folk-lore book come to hand gives an example from a savage tribe of North-West America.[1] A mythical hero finds the skin, feathers and all, of a great white eagle. "Il la prit, s'en revêtit comme d'un vetêment, afin de s'aider dans son voyage, et vola vers un village qu'il aperçut du haut des airs." The man can take the eagle-skin off again, and can resume it, and with it his power

[1] Petitot, *Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest*, 1887, p. 57.

of flight.[1] Here is an example of the belief as remote from Hindostan as may be. Could the Dindjié have borrowed it from historical India? If we are to be told about borrowing at all, it would be more plausible to maintain that the Dindjié inherited the idea of the eagle's coat from Skrälings, who learned it from the old Norse settlers in Greenland. For Woden, when he had drunk Suftung's mead, "turned himself into his eagle-coat, and flew away as hard as he could. But when Suftung saw the eagle's flight, he betook himself to his eagle-skin, and flew after him."[2]

From a people also Northern, but far removed from Scandinavian influence, from the Thlinkeets of the North Pacific coast, comes another example of the use in myth of a separable skin. Yehl, the hero of the Thlinkeets, and a child of miracle, became a mighty hunter. "One day a large bird appeared to him; . . . its name was Crane, that can fly to heaven. Yehl shot the bird, skinned it, and whenever he wished to fly used to clothe himself in its skin." In this gear, or

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 63.

[2] The *Edda*, translated in *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 405.

rather in that of a white bird, he visited Khanukh the wolf, who kept all the fresh water in his own well, and "filling himself to the very beak," flew away with the spoils. He did not escape without difficulty, as his feathers were smoked black in Khanukh's fire, but, when he did get off, he filled all the wells and creeks and lakes and rivers with the water. It is a fine case of "skin-shifting."[1]

The notion of acquiring the accomplishments of one of the lower animals by wearing its skin recurs among the Bulgarians. Before Satanael (Satan) was expelled from heaven, he was walking one day, clothed in the skin of a diver, on the shores of Lake Tiberias. The Eternal commanded him to plunge down to the bottom of the lake, and bring up some of the fertilising mud, which was then spread about, with satisfactory agricultural results, all over the shores. Thanks to the skin and feathers of the diver, Satan achieved this adventure.[2] Again, the remote Voguls have the legend. Their hero, Elempi, climbs in the form of a squirrel to the

[1] Bancroft, *Nat. Races of Pacific Coast*, iii. 102, quoting Holmberg, *Ethn. Skiz.*, p. 61.

[2] M. de Charency, *Une Legende Cosmogonique*, p. 31.

house of their god, who happens to be roasting a fish for dinner. The god gives Elempi a duck-skin and a goose-skin; he dresses in these, and is enabled to dive like the bird in whose feathers he is attired.[1]

This idea has now been shown to exist among Scandinavians, Slavs, Voguls, Thlinkeets, and Dindjiés. There is nothing in the belief which does not harmonise with early magical conceptions, founded, as these are, on the association of ideas. "Just as the modern clairvoyant professes to feel sympathetically the sensations of a distant person, if communication be made through a lock of his hair," so the savage mind has an idea of obtaining the powers and accomplishments of beast or bird by virtue of communications made through the skin of the animal. These are "such arguments from analogy as the educated world has painfully learned to be worthless."[2] As a final example of the common belief in the magical efficacy of wearing a beast's skin, whereby his faculties and appearance are acquired,

[1] Charency, *op. cit.*, p. 7, quoting Lucien Adam, "Une Genése Wogoule," *Rev. de Philol. et Ethn.*, i. 10, Paris, 1874.

[2] *Prim. Cult.*, ii. 116.

the superstition of *Lycanthropy* might be studied. "The expedients supposed to be adopted for effecting change of shape," says Mr. M'Lennan, "were commonly the putting on of a girdle of the skin of the animal whose form was to be assumed. . . . This last device is doubtless a substitute for the assumption of an entire animal skin, which also is frequently found."[1] In his *Book of Were-wolves* (p. 16) Mr. Baring Gould says, "At times a dress of skin was cast over the body, and at once the transformation was complete." In Mr. Morris's *Story of the Volsungs*, and in the *Book of Were-wolves*, is translated a passage about men who had dealings with witchcraft and wore wolf-skins, which were hung up in the house with them, and by donning these skins Sigmund and Sinfjötli became wolves. Indeed, Sinfjötli carried the thing so far as to become the father of nine wolf-whelps. Seal-skins are used in the same way by the submarine fairy folk of the Shetlands, as is shown in a Shetland ballad in Professor Child's fourth volume, p. 494. In magic, then, as in ritual and in myth, the idea of assuming a beast's hide is associated with the idea of assuming

[1] "Lycanthropy," *Encyc. Brit.*

the whole character and aspect and faculties of the creature. What in all this can be called "peculiarly Indian"? In a score of places we find this *envelope* "qu'on quitte à certains moments, mais qu'on est diligent de reprendre."[1] Thus it is only natural to expect to find such ideas almost everywhere as survivals. The burden of proof lies on a writer who, like M. Cosquin, would make India the fountain of such conceptions. Why should notions common to humanity be regarded as especially Indian?

M. Cosquin's second proof of the Indian origin of the Psyche *märchen* is based on the appearance of helpful beasts. Ants and an eagle help Psyche. M. Cosquin argues that a portion of the fable, in which Psyche first obliged these creatures, has dropped out, and that they really act (though Apuleius does not say so) from motives of *gratitude*. Now the *gratitude of beasts*, as opposed to the ingratitude of men, is a favourite Buddhist idea. Therefore helpful animals in *märchen* are a trace of Buddhist influence, though the story may not chance to mention that they were helped by the hero before they became helpers.

[1] *Contes de Lorraine*, i. xxxii.

This partakes a little of the nature of a circular argument. If the beasts are grateful, that is Buddhistic; if they are only helpful, that again proves that they were originally grateful, though the passage has been forgotten and lost. To all this we can only reply, that helpful beasts, with no gratitude in the matter, are more or less the gods of most of the lower races; that the beast or bird is the distant ancestor, relation, and protector of man, who certainly did nothing for the beast or bird. This is the fundamental idea of the totemistic peoples. Again, helpful animals, who fish up and fashion the world, appear in almost all savage cosmogonic myths, if we can give such a grand name to these wild tales of the beginning of things. Helpful beasts, not previously assisted, occur in M. Petitot's new collection of Red Indian *märchen* from North-West Canada. It will be hard to prove that all these were imported from India. Nor, when we do find animals, and even inanimate things like trees, capable of gratitude in Bushman *märchen*, must we necessarily believe that Indian ideas have percolated to a race so remote and estranged. Peoples who assign all human qualities to all things, if they are themselves capable of grati-

tude, will necessarily fill their fables with grateful animals, stones, trees, and what not, even if no Buddhist influence ever came their way. There is a well-known Kaffir example of trees—particularly sensitive plants—which were grateful to people who did not ridicule them. It is *The Story of Five Heads.*[1] The eldest daughter is rude to a frog, to a mouse, and she laughs at the trees; she comes to grief. The younger sister is civil to the frog, the mouse, and the trees, and she succeeds, though, in the story, they are not said to interfere visibly for her protection. In this very story the husband is a five-headed snake, who becomes a man when he meets the wife that was polite to the plants and beasts.

As to this matter of the helpful beasts—whether they were always helpful in the "primitive version" *because* they were grateful, and whether the incident is borrowed from India—we have luckily a crucial test, or something very like one. The southern coasts of the Peruvian empire were won by the Incas (about three generations before the Spanish conquest) from an earlier civilised race, whose ruined buildings and irrigation works remain to testify to their great-

[1] Theal, p. 49.

ness. Probably no one will venture to maintain that this pre-Inca race, who retained their language and myths after the Inca, as after the Spanish domination, could have been in contact with historic India. It would be difficult to find a people more remote from Indian influences. If this people, then, presents in its myths the familiar incident of animals which assist the hero in the execution of difficult tasks, it will be impossible to pretend that the story was borrowed by the pre-Inca people from Buddhist legend. But several examples of the incident occur in the myths of this people—the Huarochiri Indians, as the Spanish call them. Now these myths are recorded in a MS. which Francisco de Avila, a Spanish priest, wrote about 1608.[1] If they coincide, as they do, in character and details with Indian and European *märchen*, the partisans of an hypothesis of borrowing will have to allege that the Huarochiri myths were borrowed by the ancient people from the Spanish conquerors. There was time, it will be said, for this borrowing. An account of Spanish efforts to extirpate paganism in Huamachuco, a province

1 *Rites of the Incas* (Hakluyt Society). The third document in the volume. See Mr. Markham's preface.

adjacent to Huarochiri, was written as early as 1555.[1] Here, then, the believers in the recent importation of American myths will say, is a period of fifty years in which the Huarochiri Indians might readily assimilate European *märchen*, gathered from the Spanish soldiers and settlers. It cannot be denied that this is *possible*, but, in the circumstances, is it probable, or even plausible?

Francisco de Avila, our informant, draws particular attention to the strong hold which their native myths had on the people of the coast. This tenacity of heathen tradition was the despair of the missionaries. They could break the *huacas* (idols and fetiches), but they could not so readily make the Gospel and Genesis supplant myth and legend. Nay, Avila was hopelessly defeated in argument by his flock. Moreover, the missionaries could not remove the great rocks and permanent features of the landscape, and huge pre-historic engineering works. Now it was to the rocks, and valleys, and ancient monuments of human skill that these myths were attached, which, on M. Cosquin's theory, we

[1] Ternaux Compans, *Recueil* (1840), p. 85.

presume must have been introduced by the Spaniards.

Every one knows that in all countries myths are narrated to account for the features of the country, as in Scotland they tell how Michael Scott split Eildon Hill into three separate peaks. In the same way the prehistoric ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ are attributed to the mythical Cyclopes.

It is almost impossible, perhaps, to maintain seriously that an old and proud people like the Huarochiri, deeply attached to their native traditions, would borrow household tales from their detested alien conquerors and apply them as explanations of the origin of their own valleys, and rocks, and hills, and monuments of art. Yet the myths of the Huarochiri must either have been thus borrowed and thus adapted, or they take their place with the mass of similar myths whose uniformity, all the world over, it is so difficult to explain.

It would occupy too much space to give those various Huarochiri myths in all their details. Suffice it to say, that one of the national heroes, Huthiacuri, has a contest in skill with an opponent, as Moses had with Jannes and Jambres.

One of the tests, as commonly happens in *märchen*, is the feat of building a house in a single day. Huthiacuri cannot achieve it, but "in perfect silence an infinite number of birds, snakes, and lizards completed the work." Nobody can deny that this is a regular normal incident of European and of Indian *märchen*. Nothing is said about *gratitude* on the part of the beasts. They helped Huthiacuri as they help a Finnish or Samoyed sorcerer. The friends of the hypothesis of recent borrowing will argue that the Huarochiri borrowed all the incidents from the Spaniards. We may reply in the words of Avila, "*these traditions are rooted in the hearts of the people of this province.*" Is it possible that European *märchen* should so speedily take such firm root in the hearts of this ancient people, and should entwine themselves inextricably with their myths of the origin of the world and of their race?

A still better test is furnished by the myths about the drainage of the country. This vast work was of prehistoric antiquity; its authors were either the forces and convulsions of Nature herself, or mere men of a forgotten generation. The Huarochiri attribute the work to an early

magical hero, Pariacaca, who answers to Yehl, Qat, Cagn, Quahteaht, Prometheus, Prajapati, and other demiurges of savage, Greek, and Indian myths. But Pariacaca did not perform his task of draining the valley by his own force or skill. He was aided by helpful beasts, just as Psyche was aided, or the hero of the Scotch tale, *Nicht, Nought, Nothing.* All the beasts and birds did the work for him, as all the fishes drained the loch at the bidding of the Scotch giant's daughter. The fox was at first the directing spirit in this great engineering feat, "and the people," says Avila, "to this day deplore that he should have been superseded."[1] "The places" consecrated in these legends "are still adored."

"Upon an opponent," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "one never does make an impression." We cannot hope that these arguments and examples will convince opponents that American may tally with European myths and *märchen* where recent borrowing is out of the question. But any person not committed to a theory will probably admit that, in this case of the Huarochirí, it is excessively unlikely that Spanish or

[1] *Rites of Incas*, p. 145.

Basque *märchen* were hastily caught up by a pre-Inca race, were attached to the figures of national heroes, were used as explanations of natural features or of ancient works, and were recited in connection with places consecrated by religion. We may not quite agree with Mr. Max Müller that "nursery tales are generally the last things to be borrowed by one nation from another."[1] Mr. Ralston has quoted the case of a sailor or "beach-comber," whose stock of tales and skill in telling them made him the darling of an island people in the Southern Seas. M. Cosquin mentions, on the excellent authority of M. Lönröt, a Finnish fisherman on the Lapland marches, who had picked up a number of Norwegian and Russian tales from the conversation round the camp-fire.[2] Thus the borrowing of tales does indubitably go on; but from borrowing tales to filling a national mythology and religion with borrowed tales—and that in the space of fifty or sixty years—is a long step. Once more, it is indubitable that new myths cluster round old names, and that new names also attract old myths. But even so, is it likely that a people very tenacious of their traditions would instantly

[1] *Chips*, ii. 216. [2] *Contes de Lorraine*, i. xxxv.

import the foreign idea of helpful animals into a legend explanatory of the natural features and ancient monuments of their country? The other Huarochiri myths prove that, apart from this idea of helpfulness, they took the prevalent early view of the equality of man and beast.

The hypothesis of the universal borrowing of *märchen* from India has to account for the presence of all the so-called Indian ideas, not only in the *märchen*, but in the customs, superstitions, ritual, and most sacred and ancient myths of the remotest and rudest races. When a Bushman, in any of the Bushman tales, hears that a man has become a snake, he merely says that there has been magic used. He is not at all surprised, any more than a white man is surprised if any one complains of indigestion. In M. Cosquin's Lorraine tale, *La Chatte Blanche*, the hero loses his magically-given beauty, and reassumes his ugliness when kissed by his grandmother. Mr. Theal says, "A story is very common among the Kaffirs, in which a man assumes the outward form of an inferior animal, and, while partaking partly of the nature of the beast, still retains the faculties of a human being. Usually the man has been bewitched by an enemy, and is ultimately restored

to his human form by a kiss from a devoted maiden."[1]

The partisans, then, of a theory of borrowing cannot confine their theory to *märchen*. The so-called "Indian ideas" that inspire the *märchen* inspire also the religion, customs, rituals, divinations, and superstition of Eskimo, Bushmen, Australians, and Cahrocs. They have borrowed *all* their ideas from Indian *märchen* if they have borrowed anything. These ideas, employed in romantic fiction, at once become *märchen*. The coincidence of *plot* is certainly extraordinary, nor would we for a moment deny that a plot so complicated and peculiar as that of the Jason formula may possibly have percolated slowly through the world from a given centre; but nothing proves, nor even suggests, that India was that centre. Again as to recent borrowing, that becomes a question of evidence.

There must be plenty of such borrowing, wherever men of various tribes meet round the fire of a hunter's camp, wherever a negro nurse tells Ananzi stories to a white child, who replies and rewards the old woman with memories of Grimm or Perrault. But to maintain that a

[1] *South African Folk-lore Journal*, i. 5.

large body of traditional tales, either preserved in sacred hymns or intrusted to the memory of "ancient dames," as among the Kaffirs, has been recently borrowed from Europeans, is to employ an argument that requires much evidence to make it plausible. Where the tale (as in the Kaffir *Five Heads*) is replete with references to very peculiar tribal customs, there seems double reason for scepticism as to recent importation. Above all, when one reads such a tale as *Arterinos and Pulja*,[1] in which the children flee from a mother who has become a cannibal, and when one finds the same formula in Theal's Kaffir *Runaway Children*, the probabilities of borrowing seem actually reversed. If anybody borrowed, the more civilised borrowed from the less civilised this tale of a cannibal mother. It is certain that South African tribes have relapsed into cannibalism, as Red Indians have become Weendigos, in this century. The idea of the mother turned cannibal is therefore based on historical experience in Africa. Such an experience can scarcely be recollected, perhaps, in modern Greece.

Little more remains to do in this essay except

[1] Von Hahn, i. 1.

to analyse the Zulu hint of *Cupid and Psyche.* For the Zulu stories Dr. Callaway asserts "antiquity of origin"[1] which would be incompatible with recent importation. The tale of Umtombinde (the tall maiden), is certainly rich in purely Zulu features. The story begins with the girl's resolution to go, like Janet in the ballad of *Tamlane,* to a perilous place. As in Campbell's *Highland Tales* (i. 82), and almost in the same words, her father replies, "Nothing goes to that place and comes back again." Finally, the girl went to the place beside the river Ilulunge, "not now known to the natives." After an adventure of the "swallowing myth" class,[2] the heroine reaches the kraal where she is to be married, but lo! there is no bridegroom. The youth on whom her heart was set, the youngest prince, had disappeared as a child. The girl stayed there, and meat and beer were placed in her hut: these were nightly devoured by an invisible being, even Unthlatu the lost prince. One night he came in the dark and felt the girl's face. "In the morning he went away, the girl not seeing him. During all these days he

[1] N. T. Z., p. 2.

[2] *Custom and Myth,* "The Myth of Cronus."

would not allow the girl to light a fire," clearly lest she might see him by firelight. Next night Unthlatu made the girl feel his body. He was indeed *vipereum malum.* "The body was slippery; it would not allow the hands to grasp it." A fire was lit, she saw he had a shining body. *His spittle spoke,* as in the Gaelic *märchen,* the *Battle of the Birds.* The strange bridegroom said that he had disappeared as a child because his elder brothers were jealous of, and threatened to choke him, because he would become king. Unthlatu "was restored to his position as king," and his mother to that of queen-mother.

But why did Unthlatu wear the slippery serpent-skin? Because his mother's rivals had given birth to beasts of various sorts. Unthlatu was a lively child, and to avoid their jealousy she had him sewn up in a boa's skin. Unthlatu, come to man's estate, was released by the love of the tall girl Untombinde.

Here, in a rude savage guise (like the shining prince in the serpent's skin), is one element of *Cupid and Psyche.* Is the Zulu *märchen* an approximation to the "primitive form," or is it a borrowed or transmitted tale adapted to Zulu ideas, with the opening, the sisters, the search

for the husband, and the trials omitted, and with a Zulu explanation of the invisibility of the bridegroom? Who shall venture to assert either opinion with dogmatic certainty? Indeed, we do not offer any explanation of the wide diffusion of the story of *Cupid and Psyche*. All the essential ideas are common human property. Could they have been combined into the general formula of the *märchen* in different places without any borrowing or transmission? That is a point on which it is better to reserve our belief. The past of humanity is so long, tales may so easily pass from lip to lip (as merchandise passes from hand to hand), stories may so readily be carried by foreign slaves, by captured wives, by stolen children, that one can never definitely deny the possibility of filtration as it were, from people to people. But that either the whole story or the essential ideas have been borrowed from historical India, that we do think has been shown to be highly improbable. Nor have we discovered anything to show why India should be regarded as the fountain-head, not only of *märchen*, but of most of the early ideas on all subjects which are expressed in *märchen*.

A few remarks on the various shapes of the

story of *Cupid and Psyche* may end this *étude*. Mr. Nutt points out to me that, in the majority of cases, it is not the husband's mother (Venus in Apuleius) who thwarts the course of true love, but another lady with a *fille à marier*. This is the motive in *Prince Wolf, East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon*, the *Black Bull o' Norroway* (especially in Kennedy's *Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 97). What is peculiar to Apuleius is the jealousy of Venus for her beauty's sake and the worship transferred to Psyche. This motive, as Mr. Nutt remarks, if originally part of the story, would raise the presumption that the original husband really was *vipereum malum*, the serpent-lover. In that case, if the tale was to follow the usual course, it would follow that even the *vipereum malum* must have been good at heart and an enchanted person of distinction, for the narrative could not go on if he were to remain unsympathetic.

It will be noticed that, as Apuleius tells the tale, there is only a social, and, one may say, modern motive for Cupid's refusal to be seen. He keeps himself dark, as a young marquis in a novel marries under an assumed name, that his bride may not disclose the glories of his birth

and state, and get him into trouble with his family. There is also a hint of a common motive, *the warning against curiosity*, that last infirmity of Psyche's mind.

In most of the other European forms, the husband is enchanted into an animal's shape, compelled to enter *dans la peau d'un autre*, and that other a beast or reptile. A moral motive is introduced when (as in the Kaffir tales quoted above) the affection or the kiss of a girl can disenchant him. Indeed this is a repetition of the idea in the *Loathly Lady*, Sir Gawaine's bride, who is restored to beauty by the courteous knight.[1] In the Zulu version the animal disguise is worn, just as animal disguises are worn in the old English poem of *William and the Werewolf*, for the mere purpose of concealment; but, in accordance with the prevalent superstition about skins, the Zulu lover appears to have acquired something of the characteristics of the serpent, whose scales are his disguise and protection against the intrigues of his jealous brethren. In other cases the lover is hideous or bestial in shape, to punish a "hasty word"

[1] In Campbell's *Daughter of King Under the Waves* (No. 86) this *motif* is combined with a Mélusine taboo.

of his mother's, "Would that I had a child, were it only a pig or a viper." Here, again, the motive is moral.

The orderliness of Psyche in the temple of Ceres is conduct that, in the common run of folk-tales, would have gained assistance for her, and in these she would not have appealed in vain to her lost husband's kindred. But when the story was raised to Olympian circles (as Mr. Arthur Pendennis elevated to the peerage the characters in the original draught of *Walter Lorraine*), then *la haute politique* of Olympus interfered with the normal development of the narrative.

It is curious to see how near the old unscientific friends of fairy tales often came to correct explanations of the motives. Perrault, Mademoiselle L'Héritier, the Abbé Villiers, and the others of the seventeenth century, keep repeating that the *contes* were originally meant to convey moral lessons, and insisting with the Achilles of Fénelon's *Dialogues des Morts*, that the Greek heroic myths are only *contes* in literary disguise. M. Comparetti, in his admirable *Edipo e la Mitologia Comparata*,[1] finds the moral motive

[1] Pisa, 1867.

of the impossibility of evading destiny at the root of the Œdipous saga. He discovers the same motive playing its part in Zulu *märchen*.[1]

These considerations really explain many of the problems in the study of popular tales. They very frequently do illustrate moral ideas, as the great ladies of Perrault's time discovered when they played at the intellectual game of telling *contes*. *Do not be inquisitive; do not try to evade destiny; be kindly, loving, and courteous;* these morals are as obvious in Kaffir as in Norwegian or Indian popular tales. But all are provided with the "machinery" naturally invented in the savage state of fancy, when no line is drawn between man and the beasts, or even things inanimate. "On n'inventerait plus aujourd'hui de ces choses, si elles n'avaient été imaginées des long-temps," says Saint-Beuve in his essay on Perrault.[2] That *long-temps*, in which the *speciosa miracula* of talking beasts and transformations were invented, was the time when men actually did talk to beasts, as the Australians talk to the native bear, and actually did conceive that their chiefs and conjurers could

[1] Page 63.

[2] *Causeries du Lundi*, December 29, 1851.

turn into wolves or panthers (as among the Abipones and Balonda) before their very eyes. The belief lasted so firmly, that St. Augustine tells the tale of the father of Præstantius, who was changed into a horse;[1] and men were burned all through the Middle Ages on charges which now survive as incidents in nursery tales.

I am well aware that the suspense of judgment is unwelcome to many readers. The study of the fable of Cupid and Psyche offered here does no more than show that the *elements* of the tale are almost universally human,—in early conditions of society. There is no attempt to dogmatise as to the birthplace of the *conte*, we are not even certain that—like the gods of Greek myth and Mr. Gladstone—the *conte* has not had many birthplaces. Possibly men may some day discover some more definite tests than we can apply; meanwhile, if we have the discomfort of suspense, we have also the pleasures of hope. But we trust that the negative part, at least, of our argument is fairly valid. There is nothing peculiarly Indian in *Cupid and Psyche*.

Let us end with a warning which Charles

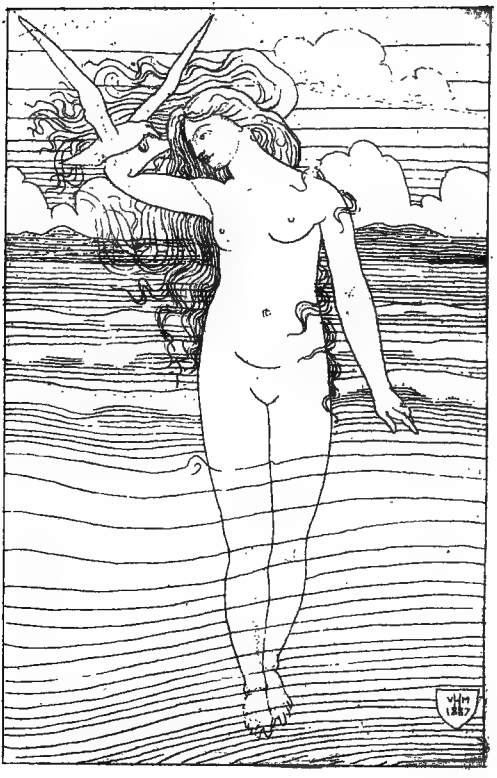
[1] *Dialogue de la Lycanthropie*, par F. Claude Prieur, Louvain, 1596, p. 36.

Nodier gives,—*à propos de bottes—de sept lieues*, —in the catalogue of his library.[1]

"Je profiterai en passant de cette occasion, puisqu'elle se présente, pour supplier le lecteur de ne pas croire que les *Contes* de Perrault nous viennent en droite ligne des Indiens. Les Indiens n'ont pas tout imaginé, quoi qu'en puisse dire l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres à qui ces théories crues fourniront longtemps encore de savantes élucubrations, mais qui ne parviendra pas aisément à prouver que l'esprit d'invention ait été réservé, par une faveur exceptionelle, à une seule branche de la famille humaine."

[1] *Description d'une Collection de Livres.* Paris. 1844, p. 309.

THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHES.



The Moſt Pleaſant and Delectable Tale of the Marriage of *Cupid and Pſyches.*

THERE was ſometime a certaine King inhabiting in the Weſt parts hauing to wife a noble dame, by whom he had three daughters exceeding faire: of whom the two elder were of ſuch comly ſhape and beuty, as they excelled all other women liuing, ſo as they merited the praiſe and commendation of euery perſon, and deſeruedly to be preferred aboue the reſidue of the common ſort: yet the ſingular paſſing beautie and maidenly maieſty of the yongeſt daughter ſo far ſurmounted them two, as no earthly creature

creature could ſufficiently expreſſe or ſet out the ſame, by reaſon whereof (after the fame of this excellent maiden was ſpread abroad in euery part of the citie) the citizens and ſtrangers there, being inwardly pricked by the zealous affection to behold her famous perſon, came daily by thouſands, hundreds and ſcores to her fathers pallace, and aſtonied with admiration of her incomparable beautie, did no leſſe worſhip and reuerence hir, with croſſes ſigns and tokens, and other diuine adorations, according to the cuſtome of the olde uſed rites and ceremonies, than if ſhee were Ladie Venus indeed.

Shortly after the fame ſpread into the next cities, and borduring regions, that the goddeſſe whom the deep ſeas had borne and brought forth, and the froth of the ſpurging waues had nouriſhed, to the intent to ſhew her magnificencie & diuine power in earth, to ſuch as earſt did honor and worſhip her, was now conuerſant amongſt mortall men, or elſe that the earthe & not the ſeas, by a new concourſe and influence of the celeſtiall planets, had budded and yeelded forth a new *Venus*, indued with the floure of virginitie: ſo daily

daily more and more increaſed this opinion, and now is her flieng fame diſperſed into the next Iland, and welnigh into euery parte and prouince of the whole world. Whereupon innumerable ſtrangers reſorted from far countries, aduenturing themſelues by long iournies on land, and by great perills on water, to beholde this glorious virgin.

By occaſion whereof ſuch a contempt grew towards the goddeſſe *Venus*, that no perſon traueled vnto the towne *Paphos*, nor to the ile *Gyndos*, no nor to *Cithera* to worſhip her. Her ornaments were throwne out, her temples defaced, her pillowes and cuſhions torne, her ceremonies neglected, her images and ſtatues vncrowned, and her bare altars vnſwept, and foule with the aſhes of old burned ſacrifice: for why euery perſon honored and worſhipped this maide inſteede of *Venus*. And in the morning at her firſt comming abroad, offered vnto her oblations, prouided bankets, called hir by the name of *Venus* that was not *Venus* indeed, and in her honour preſented floures and garlands in moſt reuerent faſhion. This ſodaine alteration of celeſtial honor greatly inflamed the loue of very

very *Venus* who vnable to temper herſelfe from indignation, ſhaking her head in raging ſort,) reaſoned with herſelfe in this maner: Behold the originall patent of all theſe elements, behold the lady *Venus* renowmed throughout all the worlde, with whom a mortal maiden is ioyned now partaker of honor, my name regiſtred in the Citie of heauen, is prophaned & made vile by terrene abſurdities: If I ſhall ſuffer anie mortall creature to preſent my maieſtie in earth, or that any ſhal beare about a falſe ſurmiſed ſhape of my perſon: then in vaine did *Paris* that ſhepherd (in whoſe iuſt iudgement and confidence the great *Jupiter* had affiance) prefer me aboue the reſidue of the goddeſſes, for the excellency of my beauty: but ſhe, whatſoeuer ſhe be, that hath vſurped mine honour, ſhall ſhortly repent her of her vnlawfull eſtate: and by and by ſhe called her winged ſonne *Cupid,* raſh enough and hardie, who by his euil maners contemning al publike iuſtice and lawe, armed with fire and arrowes, running up and downe in the nights, from houſe to houſe, and corrupting the lawfull marriages of euerie perſon, doth nothing but that

that which is euil, who although he were of his owne proper nature ſufficient prone to worke miſchiefe yet ſhe egged him forward with words, and brought him to the Citie, and ſhewed him *Pſyches* (for ſo the maide was called) and hauing told the cauſe of her anger (not without great rage) I pray thee (quoth ſhe) my deer child by y^e^ motherly bond of loue, by the ſweet wounds of thy pearcing darts, by the pleaſant heate of thy fire, reuenge the injurie which is done to thy mother, by the falſe and diſobedient beautie of a mortall maiden, and I praie thee without delay, that ſhe may fal in love with the moſt miſerableſt creature liuing, the moſt poore, the moſt crooked, and the moſt vile, that there may be none found in al the world of like wretchednes.

When ſhe had ſpoken theſe words ſhe imbraced and kiſſed her ſonne, and took her viage towards the Sea. When ſhe came vpon the ſea, ſhe began to cal the gods and goddeſſes who were obedient to her voice. For incontinent came the daughters of *Nereus* ſinging with tunes melodiouſly: *Portunus* with his briſſeled and rough beard, *Salita* with

with her boſome ful of fiſh: *Palemon*, the driuer of the Dolphin, the trumpetters of *Triton*, leaping hither and thither, and blowing with heauenly noiſe: Such was the companie that followed *Venus*, marching towards the Ocean ſea. In the meane ſeaſon *Pſyches* with al her beuty receiued no fruit of honour: She was wondered at of all, ſhe was praiſed of all, but ſhe perceiued that no King nor Prince, nor any of the ſuperiour ſort did repaire to woo her. Euerie one maruelled at her diuine beutie, as it were ſome Image well painted and ſet out. Her other two ſiſters that were nothing ſo greatly exalted by the people, were royaly maried to two kings, but the virgin *Pſyches* ſitting at home alone lamenting her ſolitary life, and being diſquieted both in minde and bodie (although ſhe pleaſed all the world) yet hated ſhe her ſelfe her owne beutie. Wherevpon the miſerable father of this vnfortunate ſuſpecting that the Gods and powers of heauen did enuie her eſtate, went unto the towne called *Milet* to receiue the Oracle of *Apollo*, where he made his praiers and offered ſacrifice: and deſired a huſband for his daughter,

but

but *Apollo* though he were a Gretian, and of the Countrie of *Ionia*, becauſe of the foundation of *Milet*, yet he gaue anſwere in Latine verſe, the ſenſe whereof was this—

Let Pſyches corps be clad in mourning weede
And ſet on rocke of yonder hill aloft:
Her huſband is no wight of humane ſeede,
But Serpent dire, and fearce as may be thought.
Who flies with winges aboue in ſtarrie ſkies,
And doth ſubdue ech thing with fierie flight.
The Gods themſelves, and powers that ſeeme ſo wiſe,
With mightie Ioue be ſubiect to his might,
The riuers blacke and deadly flouds of paine,
And darknes eake as thral to him remaine.

The King, ſometime happie, when he heard the propheſie of *Apollo*, returned home ſad and ſorrowful, and declared to his wife the miſerable and vnhappie fate of his daughter; then they began to lament and weepe, and paſſed ouer many daies in great ſorrow, but now the time approched of *Pſyches* marriage, preparation was made, black torches were lighted, the pleaſant ſongs were turned into pitiful cries, the melodie

of

of *Hymeneus* was ended with deadly howlings, the maiden that ſhuld be maried did wipe her eies with her vaile: all the familie and people of the citie weeped likewiſe, and with great lamentation was ordeined a remiſſe time for that day, but neceſſitie compelled that *Pſyches* ſhould be brought to her appointed place, according to the diuine commandement. And when the ſolemnitie was ended, they went to bring this ſorrowfull ſpouſe, not to her mariage, but to her finall end and burial.

And while the father and mother of *Pſyches* did go forward weeping and crying to do this enterpriſe, *Pſyches* ſpoke unto them in this ſort: Why torment you your unhappie age with continual dolour? Why trouble you your ſpirits which are more rather mine than yours? Why ſoile ye your faces with teares, which I ought to adore & worſhip? Why teare you my eies in yours? Why pul you your hoare haires? Why knock ye your breſts for me? Now you ſee the reward of my excellent beutie; now, now you perceiue (but too late) the plague of enuie. When the people did honour me and call me

new

new *Venus*, then you ſhould haue wept, then you ſhould haue ſorrowed, as though I had been dead: Now I ſee, and perceiue, that I am come to this miſerie by the onely name of *Venus*, bring me, and (as fortune hath appointed) place me on the top of the rock. I greatly deſire to end my marriage, I greatly couet to ſee my huſband, why do I delay? Why ſhould I refuſe him that is apointed to deſtroy al the World? Thus ended ſhee her words and thruſt her ſelfe amongſt the people that folowed:

Then they brought her to the appointed rock of the high hil and ſet her thereon and ſo departed. The torches and lights were put out with the teares of the people, and euerie man going home, the miſerable parents welnigh conſumed with ſorrow, gaue themſelues to euerlaſting darknes. Thus poore *Pſyches* being left alone weeping and trembling on the top of the rocke, was blowne by the gentle aire and of ſhrilling *Zephyrus*, and carried from the hill with a meeke wind, which retained her garments vp, and by little and little brought her downe into a deepe valie, where ſhe was laid in a bed of moſt

ſweet

ſweet and fragrāt floures. Thus faire *Pſyches* being ſweetly couched among the ſoft and tender hearbes, as in a bed of ſweete and fragrant flowres, and hauing qualified the troubles and thoughts of her reſtleſſe mind, was now wel repoſed: And when ſhe had refreſhed her ſelfe ſufficiently with ſleepe, ſhe roſe with a more quiet and pacified minde, and fortuned to eſpie a pleaſant wood inuironed with great and mighty trees: ſhe eſpied likewiſe a running riuer as cleere as chriſtal: In the middeſt of the wood, welnigh at the fal of the riuer was a Princelie edifice, wrought and builded not by the art or hand of man, but by the mightie power of God: and you would iudge at the firſt entrie therein, that it were ſome pleaſant and worthie manſion for the powers of heauen. For the embowings aboue were of Cetern and iuory, propped and vndermined with pillers of gold, and walles couered and ſeeled with ſiluer, diuers ſorts of beaſts were grauen and carued, that ſeemed to encounter with ſuch as entred in: all things were ſo curiouſly and finely wrought, that it ſeemed either to be the worke of ſome demigod,

or god himſelfe, the pauement was all of pretious ſtone, deuided and cut one from another, whereon was carued diuers kindes of pictures, in ſuch ſort, that bleſſed, and thrice bleſſed were they which might go vpon ſuch a pauement: Euery part and angle of the houſe was ſo wel adorned, that by reaſon of the pretious ſtones, and ineſtimable treaſure there, it glittered and ſhone in ſvch ſort, that the chambers, porches, and doores, gaue light as it had bene the Sunne. Neither otherwiſe did the other treaſure of the houſe diſagree vnto ſo great a maieſtie, that verily it ſeemed in euery point a heauenly pallaice fabricate and builded for *Jupiter* himſelfe.

Then Pſyches moued with delectation, approched nigh, and taking a bold heart entered into the houſe, and beheld euerie thing there with great affection, ſhe ſaw ſtore houſes wroght exceeding fine, and repleniſhed with aboundance of riches. Finally there could nothing be deuiſed which lacked there, but amongſt ſuch great ſtore of treaſure, this was moſt maruellous, that there was no cloſure, bolt, nor lock, to keep the ſame. And when with great pleſure

ſhe

ſhe viewed al theſe things, ſhe heard a voice without any bodie that ſaid: Why do you maruell, madame, at ſo great riches? Behold al that you ſee is at your commandement: wherefore go you into the chamber and repoſe your ſelf vpon the bed, and deſire what bath you wil haue, and we whoſe voices you heare, be your ſeruants, and readie to miniſter unto you according to your deſire: in the meane ſeaſon royal meats and deintie diſhes ſhal be prepared for you. Then *Pſyches* perceiued the felicitie of diuine prouidence, and according to the aduertiſements of the incorporal voices, ſhe firſt repoſed her ſelfe vpon the bed, and then refreſhed her bodie in the baines. This done, ſhe ſaw the table garniſhed with meate, and a chaire to ſit downe. When *Pſyches* was ſet downe, al ſortes of diuine meats and wines were brought in, not by any bodie, but as it were with a winde, for ſhe could ſee no perſon before her, but onely heare voices on euery ſide. After that al the ſeruices were brought to the table, one came in and ſung inuiſibly, another plaid on the harp, but ſhe ſaw no man. The harmonie

monie of the inſtruments did ſo greatly thrill in her eares, that (although there were no manner of perſon) yet ſeemed ſhe in the middeſt of a multitude of people. All theſe pleeſures finiſhed, when night approched *Pſyches* went to bed: and when ſhe was laid, that the ſweete ſleepe came upon her: ſhe greatly feared her virginitie, becauſe ſhe was alone: then came her vnknowne huſband and lay with her; and after that he had made a perfect conſummation of the mariage, he roſe in the morning before day and departed. Soon after came her inuiſible ſeruants, preſenting to her ſuch things as were neceſſarie for her bath and thus ſhe paſſed forth a great while and (as it happeneth) the noueltie of things by continual cuſtome did increaſe her pleaſure, but ſpecially the ſound of the inſtruments was a cõfort vnto her, being alone.

During the time that *Pſyches* was in this place of pleaſure her father & mother did weepe and lament, and her two ſiſters hearing of her moſt miſerable, came with great dolor and ſorrow to comfort and ſpeake with their parents. The night following *Pſyches* huſband ſpake vnto her: for

for ſhee might feele his eies, his hands, and his eares,) and ſaid, O my ſweete ſpouſe and deere wife, fortune doth menace vnto thee imminent perill and danger, whereof I wiſh thee gentlie to beware: For, know thou that thy ſiſters thinke that thou art dead, be greatlie troubled, and are come to the mountaine by thy ſteppes, whoſe lamentations if thou fortune to heare, beware that thou doe in no wiſe either make anſwere or look up towards them, for if thou do, thou ſhalt purchaſe to me great ſorrow, and to thy ſelf vtter deſtruction. *Pſyches* (hearing her huſband) was contented to do al things as he commanded.

After that he was departed and the night paſſed away, *Pſyches* lamented and cried al the day following, thinking that now ſhe was paſt al hope and comfort, in that ſhe was cloſed within the walles of a priſon, depriued of humane conuerſation, and commanded not to aide her ſorrowful ſiſters, no, nor once to ſee them. Thus ſhe paſſed al the day in weeping, and went to bed at night, without any refection of meate or baine. Incontinently after,

after, came her huſband who (when he had embraced her ſweetely) gan ſay: Is it thus, that you performe your promiſe, my ſweete wife? What do I finde here? Paſſe you al the day and the night in weeping? and wil you not ceaſe in your huſband's armes? Go to, do what ye wil, purchaſe your own deſtruction, and when you find it ſo, remember my words, and repent, but too late. Then ſhe deſired her huſband more and more, aſſuring him that ſhe ſhould die, vnleſſe he would grant that ſhe might ſee her ſiſters, whereby ſhe might ſpeake with them and comfort them, whereat at length he was contented, and moreover he willed that ſhe ſhould give them as much gold and Iewells as ſhe would, but he gaue her a further charge ſaying: Beware that you couet not (being moved by the pernitious counſell of your ſiſters) to ſee the ſhape of my perſon, leſt by your curioſitie you be depriued of ſo good & worthie eſtate. *Pſyches* being glad herewith, rendred vnto him moſt entire thanks, and ſaid: O ſweete huſbãd, I had rather die then to be ſeperated from you, for

for whoſoeuer you be, I love and retaine you within my heart, as if you were mine owne ſpirit or *Cupide* himſelfe: I praie you grant this likewiſe, that you would command your ſeruant *Zephyrus* to bring my ſiſters down into the vally as he brought me, wherewithal ſhee kiſſed him ſweetely & defired him gently to grant her requeſt, calling him her Spouſe, her ſweete heart, her ioy and her ſolace, whereby ſhe enforced him to agree to her minde, and when morning came, he departed away.

Women can do moſt when they be in bed.

After long ſearch made, the Siſters of *Pſyches* came to the hill where ſhe was ſet on the rocke, crieng with aloud voice, in ſuch ſort that the ſtones anſwered againe: when they called their ſiſter by her name, that their cries came to her eares, ſhe came forth and ſaid: Behold here is ſhe for whom you weep, I pray ye torment your ſelues no more, ceaſe your weeping. And by and by, ſhe commaunded *Zephirus* by the appointment of her huſband to bring them down: neither did he delay, for with gentle blaſts he retained them vp, and laid them ſoftly in the vally. I am not able to expreſſe the often imbracing,

imbracing, kiſſing and greeting, that was betweene them three, al ſorrows and teares were then laid apart. Come in (quoth *Pſyches*) into our houſe, and refreſh your afflicted mindes with your ſiſter. Then ſhe ſhewed them the ſtore houſes of treaſure, ſhee cauſed them to heare the voices which serued her, the baine was ready, the meats were brought in, and when they filled themſelues with diuine delicats, they conceiued great enuy within their hearts, and one of them being very curious demanded what her huſband was, of what eſtate, & who was lord of ſo precious a houſe. But *Pſiches* remembring the promiſe ſhe made to her huſband, fained that he was a yong man of comely ſtature, with a flaxen beard, & had great delight in hunting in the hils and dales by. And left by hir long talke, ſhe ſhould be found to trip or faile in her words, ſhe filled their laps with gold, ſiluer, and iewels, commanding *Zephirus* to carry them away.

When they were brought vp to the mountaine, they went home to their own houſes, and

and murmured with enuie that they bare againſt *Pſyches* ſaying: Behold cruell and contrarie fortune, behold both we (borne all of one parent) haue diuers deſtinies, but ſpecially we that are the elder two, bee married to ſtrange huſbands, made as handmaidens, and as it were baniſhed from our countrey and friendes, whereas our yonger ſiſter hath ſo great abundance of treſure, and gotten a god to her huſband, who hath no ſkill to vſe ſo great plenty of riches: ſaw you not ſiſter what was in the houſe? what great ſtore of iewels, what glittering robes, what gemmes, what gold we trod upon? that (if ſhe haue a huſband according as ſhe affirmeth) there is none that liueth this day happier in all the world then ſhe: and ſo it may come to paſſe, that at length, for the great affection and loue which he may beare to her, he may make her a goddeſs, for (by Hercules) ſuch was her countenance, ſo ſhe behaued her ſelfe, that (as a goddeſs) ſhe had voices to ſerue her, and the winds obeyed her. But I (poore wretch) haue firſt married a huſband elder then my father, more balde then

a coote, more weake then a childe, that locketh me vp al the day in the houſe.

Then ſaid the other ſiſter: I am married to a huſband that hath the gout, twofold, crooked, not couragious in paying my debt, I am faine to rub and mollifie his ſtony fingers, with diuers ſorts of oiles, and to wrap them in plaiſters and ſalues, ſo that I ſoile my white and daintie hands with the corruption of filthy clouts, not vſing my ſelfe like a wife, but more like a ſeruant. And you (my ſiſter) ſeeme likewiſe to be in bondage, wherefore I cannot abide to ſee our yonger ſiſter in ſuch great felicitie: ſaw you not (I pray you) how prowdly and arrogantly ſhe handled vs euen now? and howe in vanting herſelfe, ſhe uttered hir preſumptuous mind, how ſhe caſt a little gold into our laps, and (being weary of our company) commanded we ſhould be borne and blowen away? Werely, I liue not, nor am a woman, but I will depriue her of all her bliſſe: and if you (my ſiſter) be ſo farre bent as I, let vs conſult together, and not vtter our mind to any perſon, no nor yet to our parents, nor tel that euer

we

we ſaw her: for it ſufficeth that we haue ſeene her, whom it repenteth to have ſeene: neither let vs declare her good fortune to our father nor to any other, ſince as they ſeeme not happy, whoſe riches are vnknowen: ſo ſhall ſhe know ſhe hath ſiſters (no abiects) but more worthy then ſhe. Now let us go home to our huſbands, and poore houſes, and when we are better inſtructed, let vs returne to ſuppreſſe her pride: So this euill counſell pleaſed theſe two euil women, and they hid the treaſure that *Pſyches* gaue them, and tare their haire, renuing their falſe and forged teares. When their father & mother beheld them weepe and lament ſtill, they doubled their ſorrows and greefes, but ful of ire and force with enuie, they tooke their voiage homeward, deuiſing the ſlaughter and deſtruction of their ſiſter.

In the meane ſeaſon the huſband of *Pſyches* did warne her againe in the night with theſe words: Seeſt thou not (quoth he) what perill and danger euil fortune doth threaten vnto thee, whereof if thou take not good heed, it will ſhortly come upon thee: for the vnfaithful harlots

harlots do greatly indeuour to ſet their ſnares to catch thee, and their purpoſe is to make and perſwade thee to behold my face, which if thou once fortune to ſee (as I haue often told) thou ſhalt ſee no more: wherefore if theſe naughtie hagges, armed with wicked minds, do chance to come againe (as I think no otherwiſe but that they wil) take heed that thou talke not with them, but ſimplie ſuffer them to ſpeake what they wil, howbeit if thou canſt not refraine thy ſelf, beware that thou haue no communication of thy huſband, nor anſwere a word if they fortune to queſtion of me, ſo wil we increaſe our ſtocke and this young and tender child couched in thy body that is young and tender (if thou conceale my ſecrets) ſhal be made an immortal God, otherwiſe a mortal creature. Then *Pſyches* was very glad that ſhe ſhould bring forth a diuine babe, and verie ioyful in that ſhe ſhould be honoured as a mother: ſhe reckoned and numbred carefully the daies and months that paſſed, & being never with childe before, did maruel greatly, that in ſo ſmal a time, her body ſhould

So vſeth yong wiues to do.

ſwel

ſwel ſo big. But thoſe peſtilent and wicked furies breathing out their ſerpentine poiſon, tooke ſhipping to bring their enterpriſe to paſſe. Then *Pſyches* was warned again by her huſband in this ſort: Behold the laſt day, the extreame caſe, and the enimies of thy bloud haue armed themſelues againſt vs, pitched their camps, ſet their hoaſt in aray, and are marching towards vs, for now thy two ſiſters haue drawen their ſwords, and are readie to ſlay thee. O with what force are you aſſailed this day, O ſweete *Pſyches*, I pray thee to take pitie on thyſelf, of me, and deliuer thy huſband and this Infant within thy belly from ſo great danger: and ſee not, neither heare theſe curſed women, which are not worthie to be called thy ſiſters, for their great hatred, and breach of ſiſterly amitie, for they wil come (like *Syrens*) to the mountaine, and yeeld out their piteous and lamentable cries.

The child taketh the ſhape of his father.

When *Pſyches* had heard theſe words, ſhe ſighed ſorrowfully, and ſaid: O deare huſband, this long time have you had experience and trial of my faith, and doubt you not, but that

I wil perſeuer in the ſame, wherefore command your wind *Zephirus* that he may do as he hath done before, to the intent that where you haue charged me, not to behold your venerable face, yet that I may comfort my ſelfe with the ſight of my ſiſters, I pray you by theſe beutiful haires, by theſe round cheekes, delicate and tender, by your pleaſant hot breaſts, whoſe ſhape and face I ſhal learne at length by the child in my belly, grant the fruit of my deſire, refreſh your deere ſpouſe *Pſyches* with ioy, who is bound & linked vnto you for euer. I little eſteeme to ſee your viſage and figure, little do I regard the night & darknes therof, for you are my only light. Her huſband being as it were enchaunted with theſe words, and compelled by violence of her often imbracing (wiping away her teares with his haire) did yield vnto his wife. And when morning came departed as he was accuſtomed to do.

Now her ſiſters arrived on land, and neuer reſted til they came to the rocke, without viſiting of their father and mother, and leaped downe raſhly from the hill themſelues. Then

Zephyrus

Zephyrus according to the diune commandment brought them downe (though it were againſt his wil) and laied them in the vally without any harme. By and by they went into the pallace to their ſiſter without leaue, and when there had eftſoones embraced their prey, and thanked her (with flattring words) for the treaſure which ſhe gaue them, they ſaid: O deere ſiſter *Pſyches*, know you that you are now no more a child, but a mother: O what great ioy bear you vnto vs in your belly: What a comfort wil it be vnto al the houſe? How happy ſhal we be that ſhall ſee this infant nouriſhed amongſt ſo great plentie of treaſure? that if he be like his parents, as it is neceſſary he ſhould, there is no doubt but a newe *Cupid* ſhal be borne: By this kind of meanes, they went about to winne *Pſyches* by little and little, but becauſe they were wearie with trauel, they ſate them downe in chaires, and after they had waſhed their bodies in baines they went into a Parlour, where al kinds of meates were ready prepared. *Pſyches* commanded one to play with his harpe, it was done: Thē immediatly

diatly other ſang, other tuned their inſtruments, but no perſon was ſeene, by whoſe ſweete harmonie and modulation, the Sifters of *Pſyches* were greatly delighted. Howbeit the wickednes of theſe curſed women, was nothing ſuppreſſed by the ſweete noiſe of theſe inſtruments, but they ſettled themſelues to worke their treaſon againſt *Pſyches*, demanding who was her huſband, and of what parentage: Then ſhe (hauing forgotten by too much ſimplicitie that which ſhe had ſpoken before to her huſband) inuented a new anſwer, and ſaid that her huſband was of a great Prouince, a marchant, and a man of a middle age, hauing his beard enterſparſed with gray haires. Which when ſhe had ſpoken, becauſe ſhe would haue no further talke, ſhe filled their laps ful of Gold and Silver, and bid *Zephirus* to beare them away.

In their return homeward, they murmured with themſelues ſaying: How ſay you, ſiſter, to ſo apparant a lie of *Pſyches*. For firſt ſhe ſaid, that her huſband was a young man of flouriſhing yeares and had a flaxen beard, and now ſhe ſaith that it is halfe gray with age, what

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is he that in ſo ſhort ſpace can become ſo old? You ſhal finde it no otherwiſe, but that eyther this curſed queane hath inuented a great lie, or els that ſhe neuer ſaw the ſhape of her huſband. And if it be ſo that ſhe neuer ſaw him, then verely ſhe is maried to ſome god, & hath a young god in her belly, but if it be a diune babe, & fortune to come to the eares of my mother (as God forbid it ſhould) then may I go and hang myſelf, wherefore let us go to our parents, and with forged lies let us colour the matter. After they were thus inflamed and had viſited their parents, they returned againe to the Mountaine, & by the aide of the winde *Zephyrus*, were carried down into the vally, and after they had ſtrained their eie lids to force themſelues to weepe, they called vnto *Pſyches* in this ſort: Thou (ignorant of ſo great euill) thinkeſt thyſelfe ſure and happie, and ſitteſt at home, nothing regarding thy peril, whereas we go about thy affaires, and are carefull leſt any harme ſhould happen vnto thee, for we are credibly informed, neither can we but vtter it vnto thee, that there is a great Serpent, ful of deadly

The enuious perſon pineth at others felicitie.

deadly poyſon, with a rauenous and gaping throat, that lieth with thee euerie night, remember the oracle of *Apollo* who pronounced that thou ſhouldeſt be married to a dire and fierce ſerpent, and many of the inhabitants hereby, and ſuch as hunt about in the country affirme that they ſaw him yeſternight, returning from paſture, and ſwimming ouer the riuer, whereby they do undoubtedly ſay, that he will not pamper thee long with delicate meates: but when the time of deliuerance ſhal approch, he will deuour both thee and the child, wherefore aduiſe thyſelfe, whether thou wilt agree vnto vs, that are careful for thy ſafetie, and ſo auoid the peril of death, and be contented to liue with thy ſiſters, or whether thou wilt remaine with the Serpent, and in the ende be ſwallowed into the gulfe of his bodie. And if it be ſo, that thy ſolitarie life, thy conuerſation with voices, this ſeruile and dangerous pleaſure, and the love of the ſerpent no more delight thee: ſay not but that we have plaied the parts of natural ſiſters in warning thee.

Then the poore and ſimple miſer *Pſyches* was moved

moved with the feare of ſo dreadful words, and (being amazed in her minde) did cleane forget the admonitions of her huſband, and hir own promiſe made vnto him. And throwing her ſelfe headlong into extreame miſerie, with a wanne and ſallow countenance ſcantly vttering a third word, at the length gan ſay in this ſort: O my moſt deare ſiſters, I heartily thanke you for your great kindnes towards me, and I am now verely perſwaded, that they which haue informed you hereof, haue informed you of nothing but truth, for I neuer ſaw the ſhape of my huſband, neither knew I from whence he came, onely I heare his voice in the night, inſomuch that I have an vncertaine huſband, and one that loueth not the light of the day, that cauſeth me to ſuſpect that he is a beaſt as you affirme: moreover I greatly feare to ſee him, for he doth menace & threaten great euil to me, if I ſhould go about to ſpie and behold his ſhape, wherefore my louing ſiſters, if you haue any remedy for your ſiſter in danger, giue it now preſently. Then they opening the gates of their ſubtil minds, did put away al

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priuy guile, and egged her forward in her fearful thoughts, perſwading her to do as they would haue hir: whereupon one of them began to ſay, becauſe that we little eſteeme any peril or danger to ſaue your life, we intend to ſhew you the beſt way and meane as we may poſſibly do. Take a ſharp raſer and put it vnder the pillow of your bed, and ſee that you haue readie a priuie burning lampe with oile, hid vnder ſome part of the hanging of the chamber, and (finely diſſimuling the matter) when (according to his cuſtome) he commeth to bed and ſleepeth ſoundly, ariſe you ſecretly, and with your bare feete go and take your lampe with the raſour in your right hand, and with valiant force cut off the head of the poyſoned ſerpent, wherein we wil aide and aſſiſt you: and when by the death of him you ſhal be made ſafe, we wil mary you to ſome comely man. After they had thus inflamed the heart of their Siſter (fearing leſt ſome danger might happen vnto them, by reaſon of their euill counſel) they were caried by the wind *Zephirus* to the top of the mountaine, and ſo they ranne away and tooke ſhipping.

When

When *Pſyches* was left alone (ſauing that ſhe ſeemed not to be alone, being ſtirred by ſo many furies) ſhee was in a toſſing minde, like the waues of the ſea, and although her wil was obſtinate, and reſiſted to put in execution the counſell of her ſiſters, yet ſhe was in doubtfull and diuers opinions touching her calamitie. Sometimes ſhe would, ſometimes ſhe would not, ſometime ſhe is bold, ſometime ſhe feares, ſometime ſhe miſtruſteth, ſometime ſhe is moued, ſometime ſhe hateth the beaſt, ſometime ſhe loueth her huſband, but at length night came, when as ſhee made preparation for her wicked intent. Soon after her huſband came, and when he had kiſſed and embraced her, he fel aſleepe. Then *Pſyches* (ſomewhat feeble in body and minde, yet mooued by crueltie of fate) receiued boldneſſe and brought forth the lampe, and tooke the raſor, and ſo by her audacitie ſhe changed her kinde, but when ſhe tooke the lampe and came to the bed ſide ſhe ſaw the moſt meeke and ſweeteſt beaſt of al beaſts, euen faire *Cupide* couched fairely, at whoſe ſight the verie lampe increaſed his light

for

for ioy, and the raſor turned his edge. But when *Pſyches* ſaw ſo glorious a bodie, ſhe greatly feared, and amaſed in mind, with a pale countenance all trembling, fell on her knees and thought to hide the raſor, yea verily in her own heart, which ſhe had vndoubtedly done, had it not (throgh feare of ſo great an enterpriſe) fallen out of her hand. And when ſhe ſaw and beheld the beutie of this diuine viſage, ſhe was wel recreated in her minde, ſhe ſaw his haires of gold, that yeelded out a ſweete ſauour: his necke more white then milke, his purple cheekes, his haire hanging comly behinde and before, the brightnes whereof darkened the light of the lampe, his tender plume feathers diſperſed vpon his ſhoulders like ſhining flowres & trembling hither and thither, and his other parts of his bodie ſo ſmooth and ſo ſoft, that it repented not *Venus* to beare ſuch a childe: at the beds feete lay his bowe, quiuer, and arrowes, that be the weapons of ſo great a god, which when *Pſyches* did curiouſly behold, and maruelled at the weapons of her huſband, tooke one of the arrowes out of the quiuer,

quiuer, and pricked her ſelfe withal, wherewith ſhe was ſo griuouſly wounded, that the bloud followed, and thereby of her owne accord ſhe added loue upon loue, then more & more broiling in the loue of *Cupid*, ſhee embraced and kiſſed him a thouſand times, fearing the meaſure of his ſleepe: but alas while ſhe was in this great ioy, where it were for enuie, or for deſire to touch this amiable bodie likewiſe, there fell out a drop of burning oile from the lampe vpon the right ſhoulder of the god. O raſh & bold lampe y^e^ vile miniſtrie of loue, how durſt thou be ſo bold as to burn the god of al fire? Whēeas he inuented thee to y^e^ intent y^t^ al louers might with more ioy paſſe the nights in pleaſure.

The god being burned in this ſort, and perceiuing that promiſe was broken, fled away without vtterance of anie word from the eies and hands of his moſt vnhappie wife. But *Pſyches* fortuned to catch him (as he was riſing) by the right thigh, & held him faſt as he flew aboue in the aire, til ſuch time as conſtrained by wearines, ſhe let goe, and fel downe vpon

vpon the ground: but *Cupid* followed her downe and lighted upon the top of a ciprus tree, & angerly ſpake vnto her in this maner: O ſimple *Pſiches* conſider with thyſelfe, that I little regarding the commandement of my mother, that willed me that thou ſhouldeſt be married to a man of baſe & miſerable condition, came myſelfe from heauen to loue thee, wounding my owne bodie with my proper weapons to hauve thee to my ſpouſe, and ſeemed I a beaſt unto thee, that thou ſhouldeſt go about to cut off my head with a raſor, who loued thee ſo wel? Did not I alwayes give thee in charge? Did not I gently wil thee to beware? but thoſe curſed aiders & counſellers of thine ſhal be worthily requited for their paines. As for thee, thou ſhalt be ſufficiently puniſhed by my abſence: hauing ſpoken theſe words he tooke his flight into the aire. Then *Pſyches* fell flat on the ground and as long as ſhe might ſee her huſband ſhe caſt her eies after him into the aire, weeping & lamenting piteouſly: but being gone out of her ſight, ſhe threw herſelfe into the next running riuer, for the great anguiſh ſhe

ſhe was in for the lacke of her huſband; howbeit the water would not ſuffer her to be drowned, but tooke pity vpon her in the honor of *Cupide*, which accuſtomed to broile and burne the riuer, and ſo threwe her vpon the banke amongſt the hearbs. Then *Pan* the ruſticall god ſitting on the riuer ſide, embracing and teaching the goddeſſe *Canna* to tune her ſongs and pipes, by whom were feeding the yong and tender goats, after that he perceiued *Pſyches* in ſorrowful caſe, not ignorant (I knowe not by what meanes) of her miſerable eſtate, endeuoured to pacifie her in this ſort: Oh faire maid I am a ruſticke and rude heardſman, howbeit (by reaſon of my old age) expert in many things, for as farre as I can learne by coniecture, which (according as wiſe men do terme) is called diuination, I perceiue by your vncertain gate, your pale hue, your ſobbing ſighes, and your watrie eies, that you are greatly in love. Wherefore hearken to me, and go not about to ſlay yourſelfe, nor weepe not at all, but rather adore and worſhip the great god *Cupid*, and win him vnto you by your gentle promiſe of ſeruice.

ſeruice. When the god of ſhepheards had ſpoken theſe words, ſhe gaue no anſwere, but made reuerence to him as to a god, and ſo departed.

After *Pſyches* had gone a litle way ſhee fortuned (unawares) to come to a Citie, where the huſband of one of her ſiſters dwelled: which when *Pſyches* underſtoode, ſhe cauſed that her ſiſter had knowledge of her comming, and ſo they met together, and after great embracing and ſalutation, the ſiſter of *Pſyches* demanded the cauſe of her trauel thither: Mary (quoth ſhe) do not you remember the counſel you gaue me, whereby you would that I ſhould kill the beaſt, who vnder colour of my huſband lay with me euery night? You ſhall vnderſtand, that as ſoone as I brought forth the lamp to ſee and behold his ſhape: I perceiued he was the ſonne of *Venus*, euen *Cupid* himſelfe that lay with me. Then I being ſtroken with great pleaſure, and deſirous to imbrace him, could not throughly aſſuage my delight, but alas (by euill chance) the boiling oile of the lamp fortuned to fal on his ſhoulder, which cauſed him

him to awake, who ſeeing me armed with fire and weapon, gan ſay. How dareſt thou be ſo bold to do ſo great a miſchiefe? depart from me, and take ſuch things as thou didſt bring: for I will have thy ſiſter (and named you) to my wife, and ſhe ſhall be placed in thy felicitie, and by and by he commanded *Zephirus*, to carry me away from the boundes of his houſe. *Pſyches* had ſcantily finiſhed her tale, but her ſiſter (pierced with carnall deſire and wicked enuy, ranne home and faining to her huſband that ſhe had heard word of the death of her parents, took ſhipping, and came to the mountaine. And although there blew a contrary winde, yet being brought in a vain hope ſhe cried: O *Cupid* take me a more worthie wife, and thou *Zephyrus* beare downe thy miſtreſſe & ſo caſt herſelfe downe headlong from the mountaine, but ſhe fell not into the valley neither aliue nor dead for al the members and partes of her bodie were torne amongeſt the rockes, whereby ſhe was made a prey vnto the birdes and wild beaſts, as ſhe worthily deſerued: Neither was the vengeance of the other delayed, for

As euerie vertue is rewarded ſo euerie vice is puniſhed.

for *Pſyches* trauelling in the countrey, fortuned to come to another citie, where her other ſiſter did dwel, to whom when ſhe had declared al ſuch things as ſhe told her firſt ſiſter, ſhe ranne likewiſe vnto the rocke, and was ſlaine in like ſort.

Then *Pſyches* trauelled about in the country to ſeek her huſband *Cupid*, but he was gotten into his mothers chamber, and there bewailed the ſorrowful wound, which he caught by the oile of the burning Lamp. The white bird the gull that ſwims on the waues of the water, flew toward the Ocean Sea, where ſhe found *Venus* waſhing and bathing herſelfe: to whom ſhe declared that her ſon was burned, and in danger of death, and moreouer that it was a common brute in the mouth of euerie perſon (who ſpeake euil of al the familie of *Venus*) that her ſonne doth nothing but haunt harlots in the mountaine, and vſeth himſelfe laciuiouſly, as ſhe vseth to riot on the ſea, whereby they ſaw, that they are now become no more gratious, no more pleſant, no more gentle, but evil, monſterous and horible, moreouer that marriages are not for

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any amitie, or for loue of procreation, but ful of enuie, diſcord & debate. This the curious gul did clater in the eares of *Venus*, reprehending her ſonne. But *Venus* began to crie and ſaid: What hath my ſonne gotten any loue? I pray (gentle birde that doeſt ſerue me ſo faithfully) tel me what ſhe is, and what is her name that hath troubled my ſon in ſuch ſort, whether ſhe be any of the *Nymphs*, of the number of the goddeſſes, of the companie of the *Muſes*, or of my miſterie of the graces? To whom the bird anſwered: Madam I know not what ſhe is, but this I know that ſhe is called *Pſyches*. Then *Venus* with indignation cried out: What is it ſhe, the vſurper of my beutie, the vicar of my name? What did he think that I was a bawd, by whoſe ſhewe he fel acquainted with the maide?

And immediately ſhe departed and went to her chamber, where ſhe found her Son wounded as it was told her, whom when ſhe beheld, ſhe cried out in this ſort: Is this an honeſt thing, is this honorable to thy parents, is this reaſon that thou haſt violated and broken the commandement of thy mother and ſoueraigne miſ-

tres?

tres? And whereas thou ſhouldeſt haue vexed my enemie with loathſome loue, thou haſt done contrary. For (being but of tender and vnripe years) thou haſt with too licencious appitite embraced my moſt mortal fo, to whom I ſhal be made a mother, and ſhe a daughter: thou preſumeſt and thinkeſt (thou trifling boy, thou varlet and without al reuerence) that thou art moſt worthy and excellent, and that I am not able by reaſon of mine age to haue another ſonne, which if I might haue, thou ſhouldeſt wel vnderſtand, that I would beare a more worthier then thou, but to worke thee a greater deſpite, I determine to adopt one of my ſeruants, and to giue him theſe wings, this fire, this bow, and theſe arrowes, and all other furniture which I gaue thee, not for this purpoſe, neither is any one thing giuen thee of thy father to this intent: but firſt thou haſt beene euil brought up, & inſtructed in thy youth, thou haſt thy hands readie, thou haſt often offended thy ancients and eſpecially me that am thy mother, thou haſt perced me with thy darts, thou contẽneſt me as a widow, neither doſt thou regard to thy valiant and

and inuincible father, and to anger me more, thou art amorous of wenches and harlots, but I will cauſe that thou ſhalt ſhortly repent thee, and that this marriage ſhal be deerely bought. To what a point am I now driuen? What ſhal I do? Whither ſhal I go? How ſhal I repreſſe this beaſt? Shal I aſke aide of mine enimie *Sobrietie*, whom I haue ofte offended to ingender thee? or ſhal I take counſel of euerie poore ruſtical woman? No, no, yet had I rather die, howbeit I will not ceaſe my vengeance, to her muſt I haue recourſe for help, and to none other, (I mean a sobriety) who may correct thee ſharply, take away thy quiuer, depriue thee of thy arrowes, vnbend thy bow, quench thy fire, and (which is more) ſubdue thy bodie with puniſhment, and when that I haue raſed, and cut off this thy haire, which I have dreſſed with mine owne hands, and made to glitter like gold and when I haue clipped thy wings, which I myſelf have cauſed to burgen, then ſhal I think to haue ſufficiently revenged myſelfe upon thee, for the iniurie which thou haſt done: When ſhe had ſpoken

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theſe wordes, ſhe departed in a great rage out of her chamber.

Immediately as ſhe was going away came *Juno* and *Ceres*, demaunding the cauſe of her anger: then *Venus* made anſwere, Verily you are come to comfort my ſorow, but I pray you with al diligence to ſeeke out one whoſe name is *Pſyches*, who is a vagabond, and runneth about the Countries, and (as I think) you are not ignorant of the brute of my ſon *Cupid*, and of his demeanour, which I am aſhamed to declare: then they vnderſtanding the whole matter, endeuoured to mitigate the ire of *Venus* in this ſort. What is the cauſe, Madame, or how hath your ſonne ſo offended, that you ſhould ſo greatly accuſe his loue, and blame him by reaſon that he is amorous? And why ſhould you ſeek the death of her whom he doth fancie? We moſt humbly intreate you to pardon his fault, if he have accorded to the minde of any maiden, what, do not you know that he is a young man? Or haue forgottē of what yeares he is? Doth he ſeeme alwaies vnto you to be a child? You are his mother, and

Juno was daughter of Saturn and Opis ſiſter and wife to Jupiter. Ceres otherwiſe called Iſis wife of Oſiris King of Egypt: ſhe is ſuppoſed to be the goddeſſe of Harueſt.

a kind woman, wil you continually ſearch out his daliance? Will you blame his luxurie? Wil you bridle his loue? And wil you reprehẽd your own art and delights in him? What God or man is he, that can endure that you ſhould ſowe or diſperſe your ſeede of loue in euerie place, and to make reſtraint thereof within your owne doores, certes you will be the cauſe of the ſuppreſſion of the publike places of young dames. In this ſort this goddeſſes endeuored to pacifie her mind, and to excuſe *Cupid* with al their power (although he were abſent) for feare of his darts and ſhafts of loue. But *Venus* would in no wiſe aſſwage her heate, but (thinking that they did rather trifle and taunt at her iniuries) ſhe departed from them, and tooke her voiage towards the ſea in al haſte.

In the meane ſeaſon *Pſyches* hurled herſelfe hither and thither, to ſeeke her huſband, the rather becauſe ſhe thought, that if he would not be appeaſed with the ſweete flatterie of his wife, yet he would take mercie vpon her at her ſeruile and continual praiers. And (eſpying a church on the top of a hie hil) ſhe ſaid, What

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can I tel whether my huſband and maſter be there or no? Wherefore ſhe went thitherward, and with greate paine and trauel, moued by hope, after that ſhe climed to the top of the mountaine, ſhe came to the temple and went in, whereas behold ſhe eſpied ſheffes of corn lying on a heap, blades withered with garlands, and reeds of barly, moreouer ſhe ſaw hookes, ſithes, ſickles, and other inſtruments to reape, but euirie thing laide out of order, and as it were caſt in by the hands of laborers which when *Pſyches* ſaw ſhe gathered vp, and put euerie thing in order, thinking that ſhe would not deſpiſe or contemne the temples of any of the gods, but rather get the fauour and beneuolence of them al, by and by *Ceres* came in, and beholding her buſie and curious in her chappel cried out afar off, and ſayd: O *Pſyches* heedful of mercie, *Venus* ſearcheth for thee in euery place to reuenge herſelfe and to puniſh thee grieuouſly, but thou haſt more minde to be heere, and careſt for nothing leſſe then for thy ſafetie. Then *Pſyches* fel on her knees before her, watring her feete with her teares, wiping the ground

ground with her haire, and with great weeping and lamentation, deſired pardon, ſaying: O great and holy goddeſs, I pray thee by the plenteous and liberal right hand, by the ioiful ceremonies of thy harueſt, by the ſecrets of thy Sacrifice, by the flying chariots of thy dragons, by the tillage of the ground of *Sicilie*, which thou haſt inuented, by the marriage of *Proſerpin*, by the diligent inquiſition of thy daughter, and by the other ſecrets, which are within the temple of *Eleuſis* in the land of *Athens*, take pitie on me thy ſeruant *Pſyches*, and let me hide myſelfe a few daies amongſt theſe ſheffes of corne, until the ire of ſo great a goddeſſe be paſt, or until that I be refreſhed of my great labour and trauel. Then anſwered *Ceres*: Uerely *Pſyches*, I am greatly moued by thy prayers and teares, and deſire with al my heart to aide thee, but if I ſhould ſuffer thee to be hidden here, I ſhould increaſe the diſpleaſure of my Coſin, with whom I have made a treatie of peace, and an ancient promiſe of amitie: wherefore I aduiſe thee to depart hence and take it not in euil part in that I wil not ſuffer thee to abide and remaine here within my temple.

Then

Then *Pſyches* driuen away contrarie to her hope was double afflicted with ſorrow, and ſo ſhe returned back againe. And behold ſhe perceiued a farre off in a vally a Temple ſtanding within a Foreſt, faire and curiouſly wrought, and minding to ouerpaſſe no place whether better hope did direct her, and to the intent ſhe would deſire pardon of euerie God, ſhe approached nigh vnto the ſacred doore, whereas ſhe ſaw pretious riches and veſtiments ingrauen with letters of gold hanging vpon branches of trees, and the poſts of the temple teſtifying the name of the goddeſſe *Juno*, to whom they were dedicate, then ſhe kneeled downe vpon her knees, and embraced the Alter with her hands, and wiping her teares, gan pray in this ſort: O deere ſpouſe and ſiſter of the great God *Jupiter* which art adored and worſhipped amongſt the great temples of *Samos*, called upon by women with child, worſhipped at high *Carthage*, becauſe thou wereſt brought from heauen by the lyon, the riuers of the floud *Inachus* do celebrate thee: and know that thou art the wife of the great god, and the goddeſſe of goddeſſes:

all

all the eaſt part of the world haue thee in veneration, all the world calleth thee *Lucina*, I pray thee to be my aduocate in my tribulations, deliuer me from the great danger which purſueth me, and ſaue me that am wearie with ſo long labours and ſorrow, for I know that it is thou that ſuccoreſt and helpeſt ſuch women as are with child and in danger. Then *Juno* hearing the prayers of *Pſyches*, appeared vnto her in al her royaltie, ſaying: Certes *Pſyches* I would gladly help thee but I am aſhamed to do anything contrarie to the wil of my daughter in law *Venus*, whom alwaies I haue loued as mine owne child, moreouer I ſhal incurre the daunger of the law, intituled, *De ſeruo corrupto*, whereby I am forbidden to retaine any ſeruant fugitiue, againſt the wil of his maſter.

Then *Pſyches* caſt off likewiſe by *Juno*, as without al hope of the recouerie of her huſband, reaſoned with herſelfe in this ſort: Now what comfort or remedy is left to my afflictions, when as my prayers wil nothing availe with the goddeſſes: What ſhal I do: Whither ſhal I go: In what caue or darkneſſe

neſſe ſhall I hide my ſelfe, to auoid the furor of *Venus:* Why do I not take a good heart, and offer myſelfe with humilitie vnto her, whoſe anger I haue wrought: What do I know whether he (whom I ſeeke for) be in his mother's houſe or no? Thus being in doubt, poore *Pſyches* prepared her ſelfe to her owne danger, and deuiſed how ſhe might make her oriſon and prayer vnto *Venus.* After that *Venus* was wearie with ſearching by ſea and land for *Pſyches,* ſhe returned toward heauen, and commaunded that one ſhould prepare her Chariot, which her huſband *Vulcanus* gaue vnto her by reaſon of marriage, ſo finely wrought that neither gold nor ſiluer could be compared to the brightneſs thereof. Foure white Pigeons guided the chariot with great diligence, and when *Venus* was entred in, a number of ſparrowes flewe chirping about, making ſigne of ioy, and all other kind of birds ſang ſweetly, foreſhewing the comming of the great goddeſſe: the clouds gaue place, the heauens opened, and receiued her joyfully, the birds that followed, nothing feared the Eagle, Hawkes, or other

rauenous

rauenous foule of the aire. Incontinently ſhe went unto the royal Pallace of the God *Jupiter*, and with a proud and bold petition demanded the ſeruice of *Mercury* in certaine of her affaires, whereunto *Jupiter* conſented, then with much ioy, ſhe diſcended from heauen with *Mercury*, and gaue him an earneſt charge to put in execution hir words ſaying: O my brother born in *Arcadia*, thou knoweſt wel, that I (who am thy ſiſter) did neuer enterprize to do anything without thy preſence, thou knoweſt alſo how long I haue ſought for a girle and cannot find her, wherefore there reſteth nothing elſe ſaue that thou with thy trumpet do pronounce the reward to ſuch as take her, ſee thou put in execution my commandement, and declare that whatſoeuer he be that retaineth her willingly, againſt my will, ſhall not defend himſelfe by any meane or excuſation: which when ſhe had ſpoken, ſhe deliuered vnto him a libell, wherein was contained the name of *Pſyches*, and the reſidue of his publication, which done ſhe departed away to her lodging. By & by, *Mercurius* (not delaying

ing the matter) proclaimed throughout al the world, that whatſoeuer he were that could tel any tidings of a king's fugitiue daughter, the ſeruant of *Venus*, named *Pſyches*, ſhould bring word to *Mercurie*, and for reward of his paines he ſhould receiue ſeauen ſweete coſſes of *Venus*. After that *Mercurie* had pronounced theſe things euery man was inflamed with deſire to ſearch out *Pſyches*.

This proclamation was the cauſe that put all doubt frō *Pſyches*, who was ſcantly come in ſight of the houſe of *Venus*, but one of her ſeruants called *Cuſtome* came out, who eſpying *Pſyches*, cried with a loud voice, ſaying: O wicked harlot as thou art, now at length thou ſhalt know that thou haſt a miſtres aboue thee. What, doſt thou make thyſelfe ignorant as though thou didſt not vnderſtand what trauell we haue taken in ſearching for thee: I am glad that thou art come into my hands, thou art now in the gulfe of hel, and ſhalt abide the pain and puniſhment of thy great contumacie, and therewithal ſhe took her by the haire and brought hir in, before the preſence of the goddeſſe *Venus*.

When

When *Venus* ſpied her, ſhe began to laugh, and as angrie perſons accuſtome to do, ſhe ſhaked her head, & ſcratched her right eare ſaying: O goddeſſe, goddeſſe, you are now come at length to viſit your huſband that is in danger of death (by your means) be you aſſured, I will handle you like a daughter, where be my maidens *Sorrow* & *Sadneſs*: To whom (when they came) ſhe deliuered *Pſyches* to be cruelly tormented, then they fulfilled the commandement of their miſtreſſe, & after they had piteouſly ſcourged her with rods & whips, they preſented her again before *Venus*. Then ſhee beganne to laugh again, ſaying: Behold ſhe thinketh (that by reaſon of her great belly which ſhe hath gotten by playing the wench) to moue me to pittie, and to make me a grandmother to her child: Am not I happie, that in the flouriſhing time of al mine age, ſhal be called a grandmother, and the ſonne of a vile harlot ſhall be accounted the nephew of *Venus*? Howbeit I am a foole to tearme him by the name of my ſonne, ſince as the marriage was made betweene vnequal perſons, in the field without witneſſes,

witneſſes, and not by the conſent of their parents, wherefore the marriage is illegitimate, and the child (that ſhall be borne) a baſtard, if we fortuned to ſuffer thee to liue ſo long till thou be deliuered. When *Venus* had ſpoken theſe words ſhe leaped vpon the face of poor *Pſyches*, and (tearing her apparel) tooke hir by the haire, and daſhed her head vpon the ground. Then ſhe tooke a great quantitie of wheate, of barly, meale, poppy ſeede, peaſon, lintles, and beanes, and mingled them al together on a heape, ſaying: Thou euill fauoured girle, thou ſeemeſt vnable to get the grace of thy louer, by no other meanes, but onely by diligent and painfull ſeruice, wherefore I wil prooue what thou canſt do, ſee that thou ſeparate al theſe graines one from another, diſpoſing them orderly in their quantitie, and let it be done before night. When ſhe had appointed this taſk vnto *Pſyches*, ſhe departed to a great banket that was prepared that day.

But *Pſyches* went not about to diſſeuer the grain (as being a thing impoſſible to be brought to paſſe by reaſon, it lay ſo confuſedly ſcattred) but

but being aſtonied at the cruell commandement of *Venus* ſate ſtill and ſaid nothing. Then the litle Piſmire the Emote, taking pittie of her great difficultie and labour, curſing the cruelneſſe of the wife of *Jupiter*, and of ſo euil a mother, ran about hither and thither, and called to her al the friends, yee quick ſonnes of the ground, the mother of all things, take mercie on this poore maide eſpouſe to *Cupid*, who is in great danger of her perſon, I pray you helpe her with al diligence. Incõtinently one came after another, diſſeuering and deuiding the graine, and after that they had put each kind of corne in order, they ran away againe in al haſte. When night came *Venus* returned home from the banket wel tipled with wine, ſmelling of balme, and crowned with garlands of roſes, who when ſhe eſpied what *Pſyches* had done, gan ſay: This is not the labour of thy hands, but rather of his that is amorous of thee, then ſhe gaue her a morſel of browne bread & went to ſleep. In the meane ſeaſon, *Cupid* was cloſed faſt in the moſt ſureſt chamber of the houſe, partly becauſe he ſhould not hurt himſelf

himſelf with wanton dalliance, and partly becauſe he ſhould not ſpeak with his loue: ſo theſe two louers were deuided one from another.

When night was paſſed *Venus* called *Pſyches*, and ſaid: Seeſt thou yonder Foreſt that extẽdeth out in length with the riuer, there be great ſheepe ſhining like gold, and kept by no manner of perſõ. I command thee that thou go thither and bring me home ſome of the wool of their fleeces. *Pſyches* aroſe willingly not to do her commandement, but to throw her ſelf headlong into the water to end her ſorrow. Then a greene reede inſpired by diuine inſpiration, with a gratious tune and melodie gan ſay: O *Pſyches* I pray thee not to trouble or polute my water by the death of thee, and yet beware that thou go not towards the terrible ſheepe of this coaſt, vntil ſuch time, as the heate of the ſunne be paſt, for when the ſunne is in his force, then ſeeme they moſt dreadful and furious, with their ſharp horns, their ſtonie foreheads, and their gaping throats, wherewith they arme themſelues to the deſtruction of mankind: but vntil they haue refreſhed themſelues by the riuer,

riuer, thou maiſt hide thy ſelfe here by me, vnder this great plaine tree, and as ſoone as their great furie is paſt, thou maiſt go amongſt the thickets and buſhes vnder the wood ſide and gather the lockes of their golden Fleeces, which thou ſhalt find hanging vpon the briers. Then ſpake the gentle and benigne reed, ſhewing a meane to *Pſyches* to ſaue her life, which ſhe bare wel in memorie, and with al diligence went & gathered up ſuch lockes as ſhe found, and put them in her apron, and carried them home to *Venus*.

Howbeit the danger of this ſecond labour did not pleaſe her, nor giue her ſufficient witnes of the good ſeruice of *Pſyches*, but with a ſower reſemblance of laughter did ſay: Of certaine I know that this is not thy fact, but I wil proue if thou be of ſo ſtout a courage, and ſingular prudencie as thou ſeemeſt. Then *Venus* ſpake vnto *Pſyches* againe ſaying: Seeſt thou the top of yonder great hil, from whence there runneth downe waters of blacke & deadly colour, which nouriſheth the flouds of *Styx* & *Cocytus*, I charge thee to go thither & bring me a veſſel

veſſel of that water: wherewithall ſhe gaue her a bottel of chriſtal, menacing and threatning her rigorouſly. Thē poore *Pſyches* went in al haſt to the top of the mountain, rather to end her life than to fetch any water, and when ſhe was come vp to the ridge of the hill, ſhe perceiued that it was impoſſible to bring it to paſſe: For ſhe ſaw a great rocke guſhing out moſt horrible fountaines of waters, which ran downe and fell by many ſtops and paſſages into the vally beneath: on each ſide ſhee ſaw great Dragons, ſtretching out their long and bloudie neckes, that neuer ſlept, but appointed to keepe the riuer there: the waters ſeemed to themſelues likewiſe ſaying: Away, away, what wilt thou do? flie, flie, or elſe thou wilt be ſlaine. Then *Pſyches* (ſeeing the impoſſibilitie of this affaire) ſtood ſtil as though ſhe were transformed into a ſtone, and although ſhe was preſent in bodie, yet was ſhe abſent in ſpirit and ſenſe, by reaſon of the great peril which ſhe ſaw, inſomuch that ſhe could not comfort her ſelfe with weeping, ſuch was the preſent danger that ſhe was in. But the royal bird

bird of Great *Jupiter*, the Eagle, remembring his old ſeruice which he had done, when as by the pricke of *Cupid* he brought vp the boy *Ganimedes* to the heauens, to be made the butler of *Jupiter*, and minding to ſhew the like ſeruice in the perſon of the wife of *Cupid*, came from the high houſe of the Skies, & ſaid vnto *Pſyches:* O ſimple woman without all experience, doeſt thou thinke to get or dip vp any drop of this dreadful water? No, no, aſſure thyſelfe thou art neuer able to come nigh it, for the Gods them ſelues do greatly feare at the ſight thereof. What, haue you not heard, that it is a cuſtome among men to ſweare by the puiſance of the gods, and the gods do ſweare by the maieſtie of the riuer *Stix?* But giue me thy bottel, and ſodainly he tooke it, and filled it with the water of the riuer, and taking his flight through thoſe cruel and horrible dragons, brought it unto *Pſyches:* who being verie joyful thereof, preſented it to *Venus*, who would not yet be appeaſed, but menacing more and more, ſaid: What, thou ſeemeſt vnto me a verie witch and enchauntreſſe, that bringeſt theſe

theſe things to paſſe, howbeit thou ſhalt do nothing more. Take this box and go to Hell to *Proſerpina*, and deſire her to ſend me a little of her beutie, as much as wil ſerue me the ſpace of one day, and ſay that ſuch as I had is conſumed alway ſince my ſonne fel ſicke, but returne againe quicklie, for I muſt dreſſe myſelfe therewithal, and goe to the Theatre of the Gods.

Then poore *Pſyches* perceiued the end of all fortune, thinking verely that ſhe ſhould neuer returne, and not without cauſe, when as ſhe was compelled to go to the gulfe and furies of hell. Wherefore without any further delay, ſhe went vp to an high tower to throw her ſelfe downe headlong (thinking that it was the next and readieſt way to hel) but the tower (as inſpired) ſpake vnto her ſaying: O poore miſer, why goeſt thou about to ſlay thy ſelfe? Why doſt thou raſhly yield vnto thy laſt perill & danger? Know thou that if thy ſpirit be once ſeparated from thy bodie, thou ſhalt ſurely go to hell, but neuer to returne againe, wherefore hearken to me: *Lacedemon* a Citie in *Greece* is

not

not farre hence: go thou thither & enquire for the hil *Tenarus*, whereas thou ſhalt find a hold leading to hell, euen to the Pallace of *Pluto*, but take heede thou go not with emptie hands to that place of darkneſſe: but carrie two ſops ſodden in the flour of barley and Honney in thy hands, and two half pence in thy mouth. And whē thou haſt paſſed a good part of that way, thou ſhalt ſee a lame Aſſe carrying of wood, and a lame fellow driuing him, who will deſire thee to give him vp the ſticks that fall downe, but paſſe thou on, and do nothing. By & by thou ſhalt come vnto a riuer of hell, whereas *Charon* is ferriman, who will firſt haue his fare paied him, before he wil carrie the ſoules ouer the riuer in his boat, whereby you may ſee that auarice raigneth amongſt the dead, neither *Charon* nor *Pluto* will do anything for naught: For if it be a poore man that would paſs ouer & lacketh money he ſhal be compelled to die in his iourney before they wil ſhew him any reliefe, wherefore deliuer to carraine *Charon* one of the halfpence (which thou beareſt for thy paſſage,) and let him receiue it

out

out of thy mouth. And it ſhal come to paſſe as thou ſitteſt in the bot thou ſhalt ſee an old man ſwimming on the top of the riuer, holding up his deadly hands, and deſiring thee to receiue him into the barke, but haue no regard to his piteous crie: when thou art paſſed ouer the floud, thou ſhalt eſpie old women ſpinning, who will deſire thee to helpe them, but beware thou do not conſent vnto them in any caſe, for theſe and like baits and traps will *Venus* ſet to make thee let fall one of thy ſops, and thinke not that the keeping of thy ſops is a light matter, for if thou leeſe one of them thou ſhalt be aſſured neuer to returne again to this world. Then ſhalt thou ſee a great and maruailous dogge, with three heads, barking continually at the ſoules of ſuch as enter in, by reaſon he can do them no other harme, he lieth day & night before the gate of *Proſerpina*, and keepeth the houſe of *Pluto* with great diligence, to whom if thou caſt one of thy ſops, thou maiſt haue acceſſe to *Proſerpina* without all danger: ſhee will make thee good cheere, and entertaine thee with delicate meate and drinke, but ſit

thou

thou upon the ground, and deſire brown bread, and then declare thy meſſage vnto hir, and when thou haſt receiued ſuch beutie as ſhe giueth, in thy returne appeaſe the rage of the dogge with thy other ſop, and giue thy other halfepenny to couetous *Charon*, and come the ſame way againe into the world as thou wenteſt: but aboue al things haue a regard that thou looke not in the boxe, neither be not too curious about the treaſure of the deuine beautie.

In this manner the tower ſpake vnto *Pſyches* and aduertiſed her what ſhe ſhoulde do: and immediatly ſhe tooke two halfe pence, two ſops, and all things neceſſarie, and went to the mountaine *Tenarus* to go towards hel. After that *Pſyches* had paſſed by y^e^ lame Aſſe, paid her halfepēnie for paſſage, neglected the old man in the riuer, denied to helpe the womē ſpinning, and filled the rauenous mouth of the dogge with a ſop, ſhe came to the chamber of *Proſerpina*. There *Pſyches* would not ſit in any royall ſeate, nor eate any delicate meates, but kneeled at the feete of *Proſerpina*, onely contented with courſe bread, declared her meſ-

ſage,

ſage, and after ſhe had receiued a miſtical ſecret in a boxe, ſhe departed, and ſtopped the mouth of the dogge with the other ſop, and paied the boatman the other halfepennie. When *Pſyches* was returned from hel to the light of the world, ſhe was rauiſhed with great deſire, ſaying: Am not I a foole that knowing that I carrie here the diuine beutie, wil not take a little thereof to garniſh my face, to pleaſe my loue withal? And by and by ſhe opened the boxe where ſhe could perceiue no beutie nor anything elſe, ſaue onely an infernall and deadly ſleepe, which immediatly inuaded all her members as ſoone as the boxe was uncouered, in ſuch ſort that ſhe fel down upõ the ground, and lay there as a ſleeping corps.

But *Cupide* being now healed of his wound and maladie, not able to endure the abſence of *Pſyches*, got him ſecretly out at a window of the chamber where hee was encloſed, and (receiuing his wings,) tooke his flighte towardes his louing wife, whom when hee had found, hee wiped away the ſleepe from her face, and put it againe into the boxe, and awaked her with

with the tip of one of his arrowes, ſaying: O wretched caitife, behold thou werſt welnigh periſhed againe, with the ouermuch curioſitie, wel, go thou, and do thy meſſage to my mother, and in the meane ſeaſon, I wil prouide for al thinges accordinglie: wherewithal he tooke his flight into the aire, and *Pſyches* brought her preſent to *Venus*.

Cupid being more & more in loue with *Pſyches*, and fearing the diſpleaſure of his mother, did pearce into the heauens, and ariued before *Jupiter* to declare his cauſe: then *Jupiter* after that hee had eftſoones embraced him, gan ſay in this maner: O my welbeloued ſonne, although thou haſt not giuen due reuerence and honor vnto me as thou oughteſt to do, but haſt rather ſpoiled and wounded this my breſt (whereby the lawes and order of the Elements and planets be diſpoſed) with continual aſſaultes of *Terren luxuri* and againſt al lawes, and the diſcipline *Julia*, and the utility of the publike weale, in transforming my diuine beauty into ſerpents, fire, ſauage beaſts, birds, and into Bulles. Howbeit remembring my modeſty, and that

that I haue nouriſhed thee with mine own proper hands I will doe and accompliſh all thy deſire, ſo that thou canſt beware of ſpitefull and enuious perſons. And if there be any excellent maiden of comely beauty in the worlde, remember yet the benefit which I ſhal ſhewe vnto thee by recompence of her loue towards me again. When he had ſpoken theſe words he commanded *Mercury* to cal all the Gods to counſell, and if any of the celeſtiall powers did faile of appearance he would bee condemned in ten thouſand pounds: which ſentence was ſuch a terrour to al the goddeſſes, that the high Theatre was repleniſhed.

And *Jupiter* beganne to ſpeake in this ſort: O yee Gods, regiſtered in the bookes of the Muſes, you al know this young man *Cupid* whome I haue nouriſhed with mine owne handes, whoſe raging flames of his firſt youth I thought beſt to bridle and reſtraine. It ſufficeth that hee is defamed in euery place for his adulterous liuing, wherefore all occaſion ought to bee taken away by meane of marriage: he hath choſen a maiden that fãcieth him wel, and hath bereaued

reaued her of her uirginity, let him haue her ſtill, and poſſeſſe her according to his owne pleaſure: then he returned to *Venus*, and ſayd: And you my daughter, take you no care, neither feare the diſhonour of your progeny and eſtate, neither haue regard in that it is a mortal mariage for it ſeemeth vnto me, iuſt, lawfull, and legitimate by the law ciuill. Incontinently after, *Jupiter* commanded *Mercurie* to bring vp *Pſyches* the ſpouſe of *Cupid*, into the pallace of heauen. And then he tooke a pot of immortalitie, and ſaid: Hold *Pſyches* and drinke, to the end thou maiſt be immortal, and that *Cupid* may be thine euerlaſting huſband. By and by the great banket, and marriage feaſt was ſumptuouſly prepared, *Cupid* ſate down with his deare ſpouſe betweene his armes: *Juno* likewiſe with *Jupiter*, and al the other Gods in order, *Ganimedes* filled the pot of *Jupiter*, and *Bacchus* ſerued the reſt. Their drinke was Nectar, the wine of the Gods, *Vulcanus* prepared ſupper, the howers decked up the houſe with roſes and other ſweet ſmels, the graces threw about balme, the muſes ſang with ſweet harmony,

harmony, *Apollo* tuned pleaſantly to the Harpe, *Venus* danced finely: *Satirus* and *Paniſcus* plaide on their pipes: and thus *Pſyches* was married to *Cupid*, and after ſhe was deliuered of a child whõ we cal Pleaſure.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh and London.